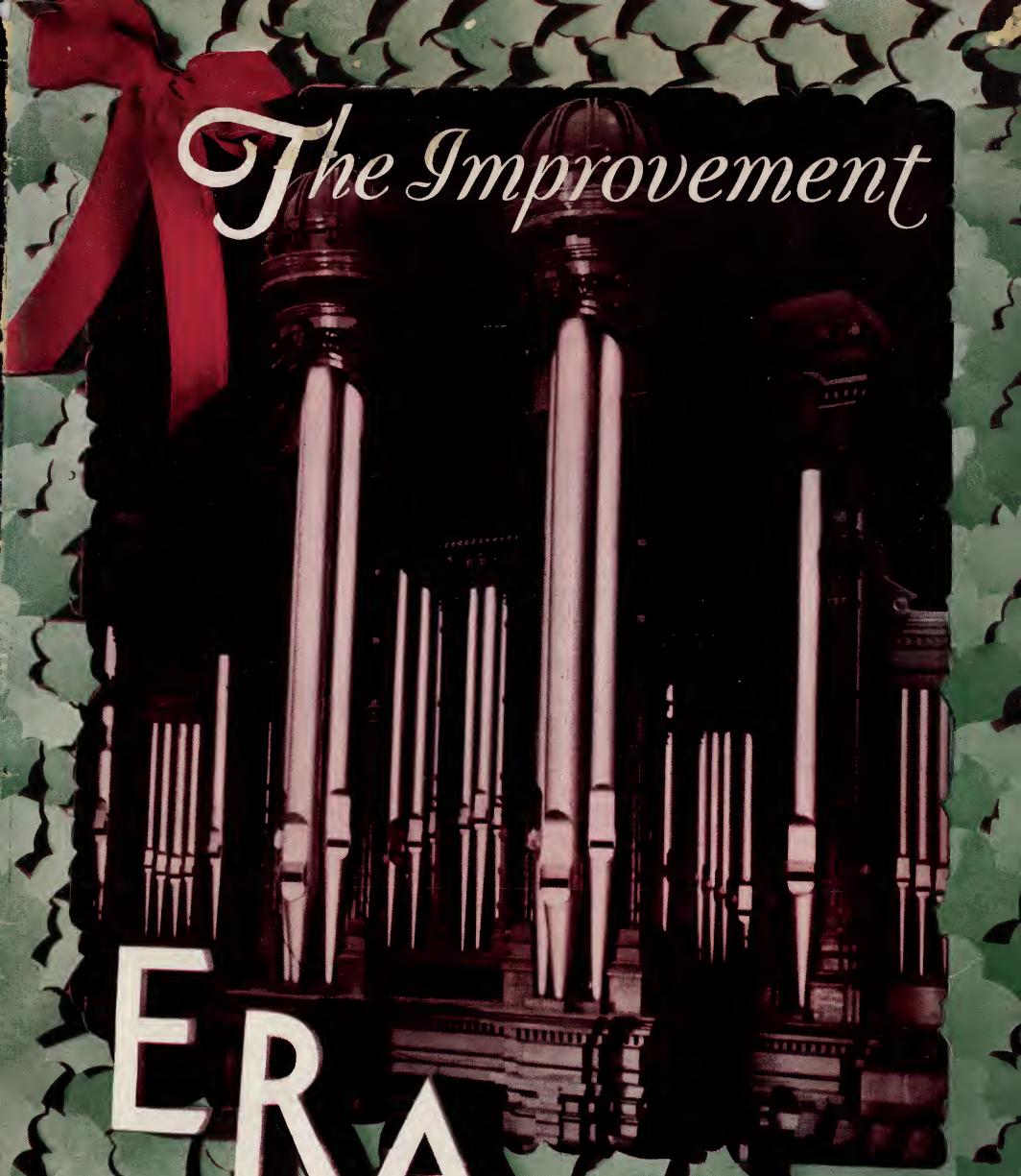
The Improvement ERA



DECEMBER, 1934
Volume 37 Number 12
Return Postage Guaranteed
Salt Lake City, Utah

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education

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THIS is a Christmas card to all of our subscribers. We hope all will like it. Remember you can make it your own Christmas Card to some loved one, friend or acquaintance by following out the instructions on the inside cover page.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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"THE JOURNEY OF THE WISE MEN," BY J. LEO FAIRBANKS.

THE LIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS

By CARLTON CULMSEE

TURNING the yellow scroll of history,
I saw that the most precious gifts to man
Have come from poor men. Bosoms thinly clad
Can feel the bitter wind of the world's need.
And there are earnest souls who are ashamed
That they can give the needy ones about them
So little food and clothing; so they search
Their hearts with the thin fingers of their longing
And sometimes bring forth strangely finer things.

My mother gave me much, but over all
I hold the love of Christmas that she fostered,
Christmas in deeper meaning.
First she lit
The little crimson candle of a baby's
Primitive glee with jolly Yuletide lilts,
Colors, and lights. Next with the tale of Christ
She kindled the white taper of young awe.

And then one empty Christmas-time, her sadness
At having nothing for the ones she loved—
A sorrow almost covered with a smile
And words of hope—she made me see a gleam
Of something that I should have seen before:
That folks in threadbare garments hold the power
Of doing splendid deeds and giving greatly,
As Jesus proved long centuries ago.

That gleam has brightened to reveal a world
More rich and potent, with a sunrise flush
Of promise.
Likely I shall never gather
A heap of heavy gold, but I believe
That some day I may reach an inner vein
Of some strong metal for the tools of men
Who work the roadways to the high plateau.

To All M. I. A. Workers

GREETINGS

From the M. I. A. Executive Officers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

"PEACE I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

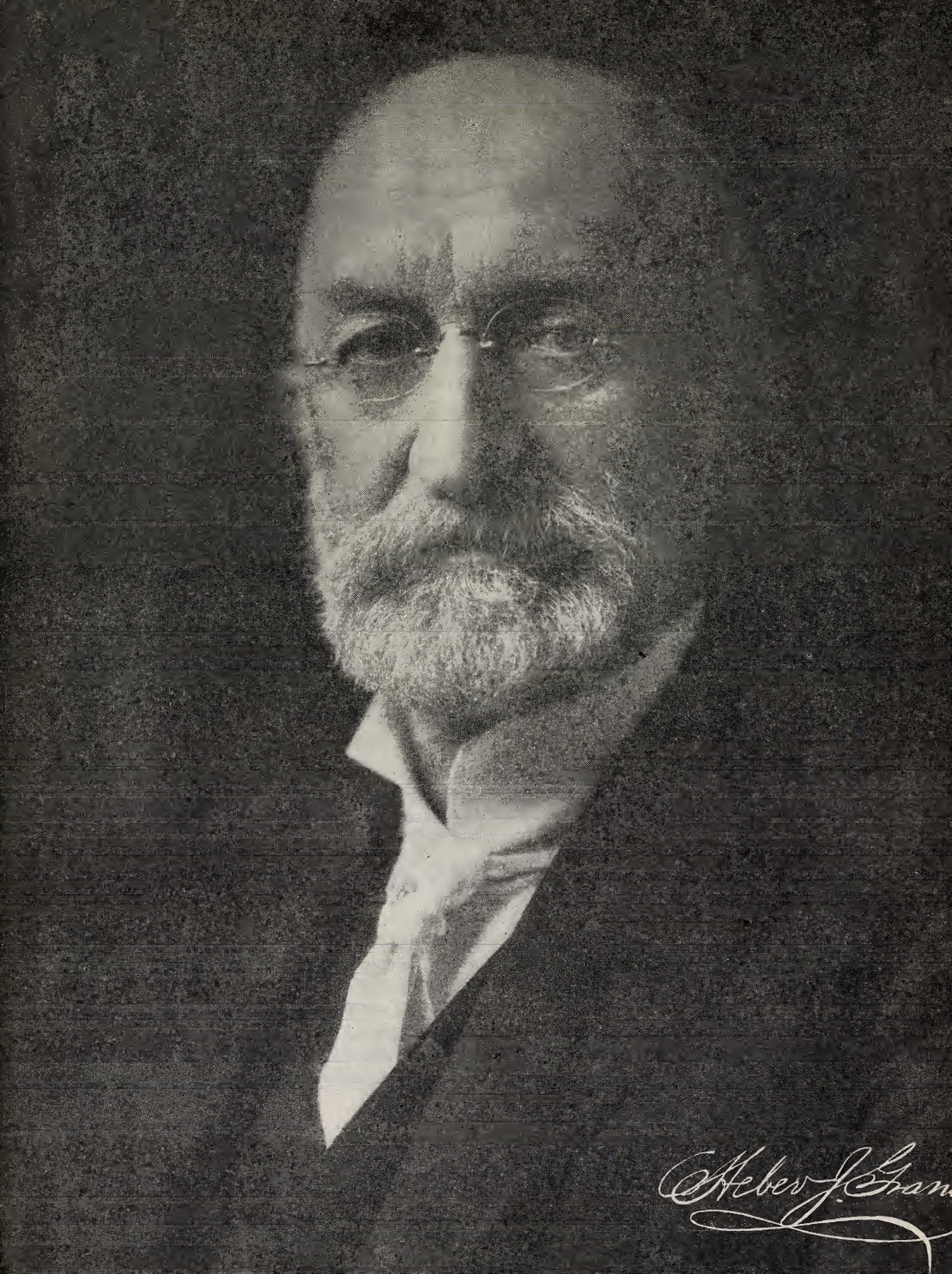
Nearly two thousand years ago Jesus Christ, the Lord, the Savior of the world, spoke thus to his disciples gathered in an upper room.

To those who believed fully in His majesty and power, that message of good cheer is still filled with peaceful assurance. The world may be at war; other men may tear at each other's throats, but if, in our hearts, we have an abiding love for God and His children we can forgive—we can understand and be at peace.

At this Christmas time we rejoice that we have confidence in His eternal goodness. Jesus is the Christ; He has spoken in our day and at the head of His work stand three, the First Presidency of the Church, ready and willing to carry on His work.

Not long ago we celebrated with the Saints in all the world the birthday of our President, Heber J. Grant. He has lived a long life devoted to the Gospel. During all of his seventy-eight years he has gone forth in all the world preaching the Glad Tidings of Great Joy that God is good and has not left His children without witness in these days. For sixteen years he has stood at the helm of this Church guiding its destiny with a sure and certain hand with his eyes fixed upon the word of the Lord which has served as compass and guide—a Liahona of unfailing power.

With a trust that has been beautiful to behold, President Grant has walked steadily forward. At his side stand two sturdy men of learning possessed of the qualities of leadership, full of faith


Heber J. Grant

and eager to serve. These three, supported and sustained by the other general authorities, by the hundreds of thousands of Latter-day Saints throughout the world, and by the inspiration of our Heavenly Father, will lead us into peace.

We rejoice in the progress that has been made by the world. We see upon every hand evidences that the teachings of the Master are finding root in human hearts. Though there are still countless problems to solve, we have faith that the Guide who walked in Galilee has left solutions when men learn to apply them, and has appointed inspired leaders to assist men to understand.

We are pleased with the progress which has been made by the Mutual Improvement Association. Our young people in all parts of the world have found wholesome activity and an opportunity to serve. They have drawn into their socials and parties as well as into their classes thousands of young men and women in search of a pure, spiritual atmosphere and of wholesome, clean entertainment. Truly the leaven has been hidden in the measure of meal throughout the world and joyful are the words of praise which come to us.

May the Mutual Improvement Association do its utmost to make the coming holiday season all that the Master would have it. Let us remember that in as much as we do it unto the least of these His children we are doing it unto Him. All who follow in His footsteps will find a peace and joy that will pass understanding, for peace is found in the soul not in outward things. Joy springs from the heart, not from worldly possessions or fame or power.

M. I. A. organizations are charged with the responsibility of directing the social and cultural activities of their particular wards and branches. It is our hope that these young people, under the counsel and advice of the Bishopric, will plan and foster a program which will be satisfying on account of its excellence. The Church is reaching a cultural maturity and all of our activities should reflect that maturity.

We favor high grade dances and socials on a ward and stake basis. We are eager to see our young people enjoying themselves everywhere, especially when that enjoyment can be accompanied by activities which will give them grace and culture of body, of mind, and spirit. Ours is a joyous Gospel, a social Gospel—the plan inaugurated by the Master who loved to visit with His friends and converse with them on social as well as on spiritual subjects. He

J. Reuben Clark Jr.

was present at the wedding feast; he banqueted with his friends; He visited at the homes of those whom He loved and who loved Him. We would be glad to have our people follow in His footsteps, but we should like them always to deport themselves as if He were present with them. Thousands followed Him attracted by His sparkling conversation, His marvelous stories, His ease and grace.

The holiday season should be one of joy. It celebrates the birth of Him who gave to the world its greatest gift and its loftiest ideals. Truly it should be a time of thanksgiving.

The season also marks the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith through whom the Gospel in its purity and fulness was restored. He became a true follower of the Savior laying the foundations once again for peace and happiness on earth and hope in an after life. He also emphasized the importance of social activity and made plans for wholesome and uplifting entertainment which have been followed by all of his successors in the First Presidency of the Church.

We trust that our M. I. A. workers in all the world will enjoy the coming Christmas holiday season; that conditions will make it possible for you to feel in your hearts the benign influence of the spirit of the Master and of traditional Christmas. To you we send greetings praying the Lord to guide and protect and build you up in your most holy faith.

God has spoken from the heavens in our day; He has established His kingdom upon the earth never more to be thrown down or given to another people; He has placed at its head leaders through whom He can make known His will, and we are happy to bear testimony to their worth and their works. May God bless and keep us all and fill our hearts with brotherly kindness for all men.

George Albert Smith,
Richard R. Lyman,
Melvin J. Ballard,
Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendency.

Ruth May Fox,
Lucy Grant Cannon,
Clarissa A. Beesley,
Y. W. M. I. A. Presidency.

David O. McKay

The TRIAL of JESUS

By
JESSE UDALL

"Passion Week" for nearly two thousand years has held its place as the climax week in the history of mankind. During that period the central figure in earth life was undergoing his most cruel testing, but praise be to the Father, He bore up heroically and sealed His testimony with His blood. In this article Attorney Udall reviews the legality of the most famous trial in Christian history.

IN this day when sensational trials are daily heralded on the front page of all great newspapers, it perhaps would be proper to review briefly the salient facts connected with the most memorable trial in all history, the great legal tragedy that resulted in the death of our Lord and Master.

The substance of the law applicable in cases where persons were placed on trial for their lives in that day and age may be stated as follows: The fundamental law, of course, in all Hebrew history was the Ten Commandments proclaimed by Moses. These had been enlarged and amplified during the centuries following their establishment and certain rules governing in the trial of capital cases had been clearly and definitely fixed as a part of the law. For instance, no man could be convicted of a capital offense on less than the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act; or without the right to employ counsel or have counsel appointed to defend the accused. One who had been accused could not be compelled to be a witness against himself and his voluntary confession, uncorroborated by other evidence, was not sufficient to sustain a conviction. The accused was presumed to be innocent until a final verdict of guilty was pronounced. The trial of a capital case could not be held in the night time, or on the Sabbath Day or on a Festal Day, nor could a sentence be pronounced or an execution carried out on such days. Sentence of death could not be pronounced until the third day after the finding of guilty, and then only after a second vote of the great Sanhedrin resulting the same as the first. Witnesses who were about to testify in a capital case were admonished by the presiding Judge in the following words: "It is not conjecture, or whatever public rumor has brought to thee, that we ask thee; consider the great responsibility that rests upon thee; that we are not occupied by an affair, like the case of pecuniary interest, in which the injury may be repaired. If thou causest the condemnation of a person unjustly accused, his blood, and the blood of all the posterity of him, of whom thou wilt have deprived the earth, will fall upon thee. God will demand of thee an account, as He demanded of Cain an account of the blood of Abel. Speak."

Every precaution was taken to guard the rights of the accused, it being an axiom of the law that it was the duty of the Court to save and not destroy human lives. The tests applied to the Judges, prosecuting officers and accusing witnesses as to capacity and impartiality were most rigid. In fact, it was a criminal code so explicit, so humane and fair that in many ways it surpassed our present enlightened jurisprudence.

The Court before whom Jesus was haled after His arrest was the great Sanhedrin. The origin of this Court has been ascribed to Moses under the direction of the Almighty to "Gather unto me seventy of the elders of Israel, whom thou knowest to be the elders of the people, and officers over them; and bring them unto the tabernacle of the congregation, that they may stand there with thee."

This body was made up of two presiding officers, a religious chamber of 23 Priests; a law chamber of 23 Scribes and a popular chamber of 23 Elders and this no doubt is the Court referred to by the Master when He said to His disciples that He "must go into Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed."

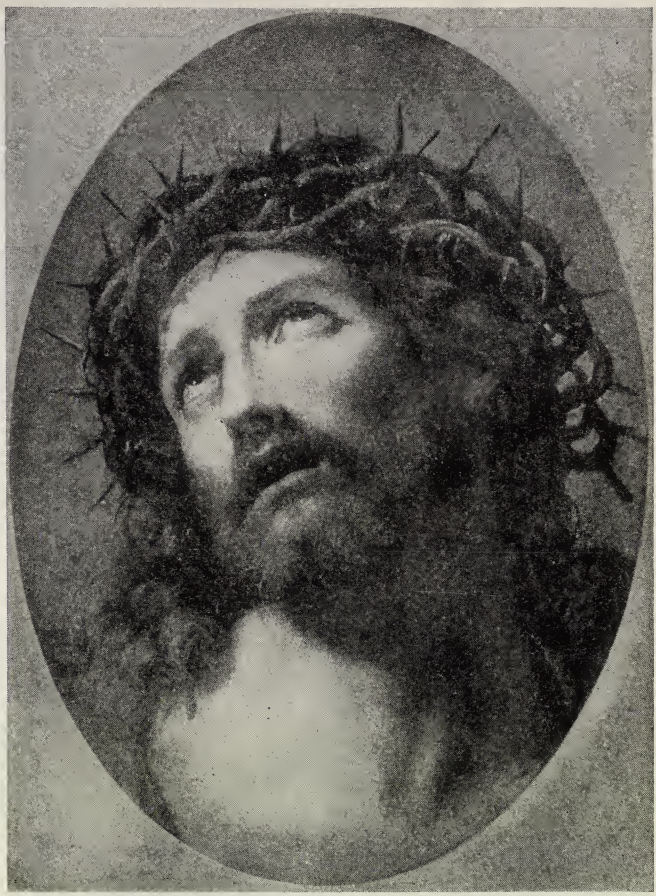
PRISONERS brought before this Court were first arraigned by having charges read in open Court by the auditor, such charges being based on accusations made before a proper officer by one familiar with the facts. At the close of the case one of the Judges summarized the evidence, spectators were removed from the Court Room and the Judges proceeded to ballot. Twenty-three Judges constituted a quorum and it required a majority of two or more of the quorum assembled to convict. No announcement of conviction could then be made until a second hearing on the case was held, which had to be at least one day after the first hearing

"MASTER, IS IT I?"—ADOLPH SCHMITZ

and had to result the same as the first in order to have a conviction stand.

The record of the arrest, trial, conviction and execution of Jesus is contained in the Four Gospels. The truth and fulness of this record cannot be questioned when tested by the rules of evidence accepted the world over. "It is a familiar rule of evidence that all ancient writings, whether documentary or otherwise, coming from the proper repository, are presumed to be genuine, and are admissible as proof of the facts to which they relate without direct proof of their authenticity." Greenleaf on Evidence, Section 510. The facts pertaining to the trial narrated in the Four Gospels fall clearly within the above rule and hereafter will be placed in quotation marks and will constitute the record of the case.

Some weeks before the great tragedy, the great Sanhedrin met with Joseph Caiaphas, presiding as High Priest. In addressing the assembled Court he used the following language: "Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not," indicating that they were casting about to find a way to destroy the Master either legally or illegally.



"CROWN OF THORNS," BY GUIDO RENI

The result of the meeting was that it was necessary to take Jesus by subtlety or fraud and kill Him. Nicodemus opposed the action saying: "Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth?" However he was promptly silenced when the balance of the Court almost in one voice said to him, "Art thou also of Galilee?"

The council did not condemn Him at this time, but did issue a fiat that He should be put to death whether guilty or innocent. This fact soon became quite generally known and no doubt Jesus was informed of it, as He then went into retirement for a few weeks, in preparation for the final ordeal. In the meantime His enemies offered a reward to anyone disclosing his whereabouts and the record reveals that they "consulted that they might take Jesus by subtlety or fraud and kill him."

During the closing days of March, 33 A. D., and immediately prior to the fatal passover, which was held during the first week in April of that year, Jesus again makes an appearance. Great streams of people were moving toward Jerusalem and it is believed by good authority that as many as three million people attended the celebration this particular year.

Jesus and His disciples coming to Jerusalem for the occasion arrived at Bethany, a village near Jerusalem, on Friday evening, just one week before His death. He went to the home of Simon, whom He had cleansed of leprosy. On the evening of the next day, the Jewish Sabbath, a supper was given in His honor, at which time He rebuked Judas for protesting against what he pretended was a lavish use of ointment. Judas left the supper

(Continued on page 756)

By
I. B. BALL

The Poetic Quality in the Writings of JOSEPH SMITH

RELIGION is related to poetry as life is related to art. Religion is life, the life of God in the soul of man. . . . Poetry is an interpretation of life. . . . There is poetry that is not religious, and there is religion that has but little to do with poetry, but the greatest poetry is always that which sets forth the facts of the religious life," says Washington Gladden.

The true poet and the true prophet are imbued with much of the same spirit, as Apostle Orson F. Whitney loved to attest. Wordsworth taught the pre-existence as did Lowell in words as clear, though not so well known as Wordsworth's. Tennyson foretold the coming of the aircraft of our day.

There is much that is poetic in the writings that have come to the world through Joseph Smith. And there was not only a prophetic endowment in the ancestry of the Prophet, but in his close relatives there has appeared the poetic gift. The late poet-laureate of California, Ina Coolbrith, is now known to have been the Prophet's niece, being the daughter of Sylvester Smith. David Smith, son of the Prophet, wrote words and melody to that haunting composition, "The Unknown Grave."

Listen to these phrases from the eighty-eighth section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

The earth rolls upon her wings,
And the sun giveth his light by day,
And the moon giveth her light by night,
And the stars also give their light
As they roll on their wings in their glory,
In the midst of the power of God.

Unto what shall I liken these kingdoms,
That ye may understand?
Behold, all these are kingdoms,
And any man who has seen any or the least of these,
Hath seen God moving in his majesty and power.

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

Compare this with the beautiful Nineteenth Psalm, and I think the simple words of the Prophet do not lose by the comparison, although he was unlettered while the Psalm is the work in translation of scholars.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
Night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language
Where their voice is not heard;
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the ends of the world.

It is noteworthy that both the Psalmist and the Prophet were moved poetically by the theme of the starry heavens, for Stevenson speaks of "their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and justly so, for they are themselves the most classical of poets."

And for an example of the gift to pack great thoughts into small spaces, but in majestic symmetry and perfect order let the reader consider the last two verses of the memorable one-hundred-twenty-first section:

Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men,
And to the household of faith,
And let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly;
Then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God,
And the doctrine of the priesthood shall distill upon thy soul
As the dews of heaven.

The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion,
And thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth,
And thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion,
And without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee
Forever and forever.

That phrase, "and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee forever and forever" reminds one of "Waiting" by John Burroughs:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap what it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

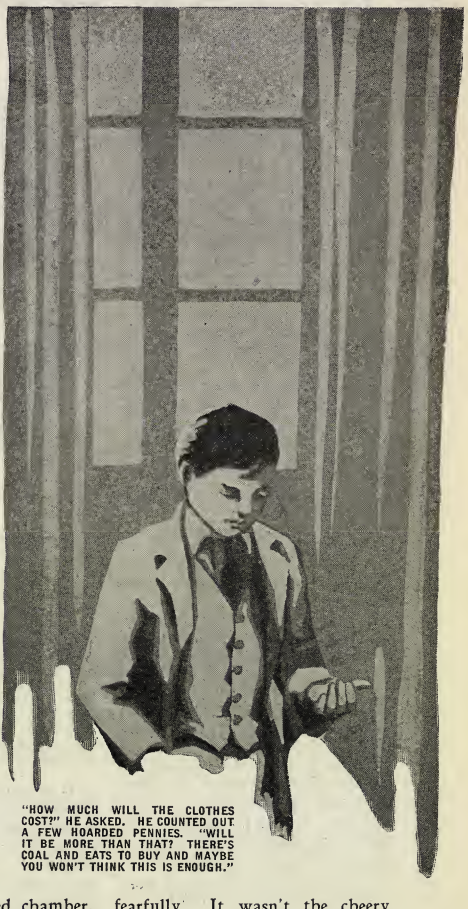
The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Surely it is profitable to contemplate the beauty of expression and the sublimity of conceptions that were original with the Inspiration that rested upon the American Prophet, Joseph Smith.

THE WHITE WI

By ANNA W. McNEIL

Grandma Westlin was a dear old lady whose heart-strings had entwined around her little home, a fact that her wealthy granddaughter and prosperous grandson could not appreciate until Christmas came. Then a little girl, a little boy, a doll and some incidents brought Santa Claus.



"HOW MUCH WILL THE CLOTHES COST?" HE ASKED. HE COUNTED OUT A FEW HOARDED PENNIES. "WILL IT BE MORE THAN THAT? THERE'S COAL AND EATS TO BUY AND MAYBE YOU WON'T THINK THIS IS ENOUGH."

GRANDMA WESTLIN had often heard and used the expression: "a square peg in a round hole," or "a round peg in a square hole," little dreaming that these descriptions would ever apply to herself. Then, one day, things happened with terrible suddenness and her well-ordered little world dissolved into chaos. Grandma, sitting dazed and numb, did not know how to cope with the new state of affairs. Grandpa had seemed so strong and well in spite of his years, that the thought of an all-alone future had never occurred to her.

"Grandma had better make her home with us," suggested prosperous John Westlin to his wife. "She wouldn't be a bit of trouble—you would hardly know she was in the house. Nobody else in the family is in a position to take her, and I owe her a debt that can't be repaid for all that she did for me as a boy."

"If only she won't sit and brood all day; I couldn't stand that," anticipated Mrs. Westlin, dismally. "And about the housework—she simply mustn't be underfoot."

"She won't be underfoot—she isn't that kind; and I'll guarantee that she won't brood," promised he. "Grandma is naturally a cheerful soul and she won't be like this after the shock wears off. She can't go on living all by herself at her age."

"No, of course not," agreed Mrs. Westlin, with some show of heartiness. She too had memories of Grandma's kindness.

So the arrangements were made before Grandma realized what they were all about and the next few days found her transplanted from the peaceful Southern village where she had spent her seventy-five useful years to a strictly modern city apartment. Grandma had often grieved over a tree that had been uprooted by a storm; its boughs still clinging tenaciously to a thread of life and its leaves bravely putting forth their green. How like to her own experience, she reflected; but then, she mustn't be gloomy. How good John and his wife were to provide a home for her and how appreciative she must be. There was so much she could still do for them—her sight was good and her fingers nimble.

"This is your room, Grandma," announced Mrs. Westlin, ushering her into a beautifully appointed chamber. "Now, you are not expected to do a thing, you know, only to make yourself comfortable and be as happy as you can, under the circumstances."

Grandma looked about a little fearfully. It wasn't the cheery coziness she had been accustomed to, and from the sixth-floor window the street below yawned like a chasm. But she faced her tall grand-daughter-in-law with a gallant spirit.

NGS OF CHRISTMAS

Illustrated by
N. J. COTTERELL

"It's good of you, Winifred, to do all this for me and you mustn't spoil me by letting me set around. I want to earn my board and keep," she ventured.

Mrs. Westlin, thinking of her husband's five-figure income, registered determined protest. "Oh, no, Grandma! If you care for your own room that is quite all you can do. We have all kinds of electrical appliances, so that the housework is no drudgery, and our maid is very competent. No—really—!" She lifted a deprecating hand as she closed the door, warding off further speech on Grandma's part and leaving her to her own devices.

Nevertheless, the first meal over, Grandma produced a crisp, gingham apron and stepped gingerly over the waxed floors towards the kitchen.

"I'm all ready to do the dishes, dearie," she said, brightly. "Now, just tell me where you keep the dishpan and the wipers and then I'll always know." She peered about in vain.

"We have no dishpan. We have an electrical dishwasher." Mrs. Westlin indicated the device. "You might just as well take your apron off, Grandma, for there's absolutely *nothing you can do.*"

No one was in the habit of disputing that particular tone in Mrs. Westlin's voice, but Grandma was intent upon being useful. "There's the darning!" she exclaimed. "Now you find me all your stockings and all of John's socks, and let me look them over. I'll mend them so you will surely think they are brand new."

"We never wear mended hose. Grandma, if you think you can't be comfortable and contented here, there's the Old Ladies' Home!"

At the threat of an institution, the place above all that Grandma dreaded, the "appleblow" as Grandpa had fondly called it, faded from her cheeks and she suddenly felt weak and tired and old. Mrs. Westlin, seeing the effect, repented her remark. "Come, Grandma," she suggested, trying to make amends. "You want to take a nap, don't you? Here's a flower for you to take up to your room." She chose a huge, feathery chrysanthemum from a cluster in a tall vase.

Grandma accepted it thankfully. She was too tactful to say that she never took a nap in the daytime. She untied her apron, folded it carefully and laid it away. Then she went to the window, seemingly gazing at the activities in the street but in reality, seeing nothing. There had been chrysanthemums in

her garden every fall—not like this gorgeous one to be sure, but little brave lavendar and white blooms that year by year defied the frost because Grandma protected them at night so carefully. Somehow they seemed more friendly than this and she liked them better. But now—"Why, I'm a prisoner, just as much a prisoner as if I was in jail, and who will take care of my flowers!" she exclaimed aloud.

AFTER that, Grandma did not offer to assist with the housework. She appeared at meals her bright, pleasant self—and then went to her lonely room where she invented a diversion that consisted of thinking what would be going on every hour of the day if she were back in her old home. She knew which of the neighbors would be running in at different times; who would want to borrow; who would ask for a recipe; who was working for some of the church interests and needed her help; who had a ticket to sell; who would call out, "Want anything at the store, today, Grandma?"—who would stop with the mail; and how the children homeward bound from school, would congregate about the porch while she generously handed out freshly made cookies and doughnuts. At last, even this palled, because Grandma became frankly homesick. Yet, what to do, she didn't know. A family had taken possession of the house. She could not reconcile herself to boarding elsewhere in the village, because the thought of home meant doing the things she liked.

"I know what!" Inspiration came to her. "I'll sew!" But sew what? Then she was seized with a happy idea. Back in the village days, Grandma had clothed dozens of dolls, not only for her little friends, but for the various "Barrels" which from time to time were packed by the church workers for missionary centers at home and abroad. She had a bag of "pieces" which represented many an odd and end of dress materials and trimmings, and this she had brought with her.

"The women all seem to be so busy in this city," mused Grandma, judging by what she had seen and heard in the Westlin household, "that I don't believe they think of such a thing as making doll dresses for their children. The flimsy clothes that the boughten dolls wear can't last long, the way children handle them; and when I was a little girl, I wanted my dolls to have plenty of changes." She indulged in a rare smile thinking of the contrast between the now and then, in dolls and their costumes, as in everything else.

One idea suggested another, and Grandma, for want of something to pass the time, had become an inveterate newspaper reader. For the first time in her life, she composed an advertisement. Her fingers held the pencil stiffly and she made many erasures before it was written to her satisfaction, but she was pleased with the result.

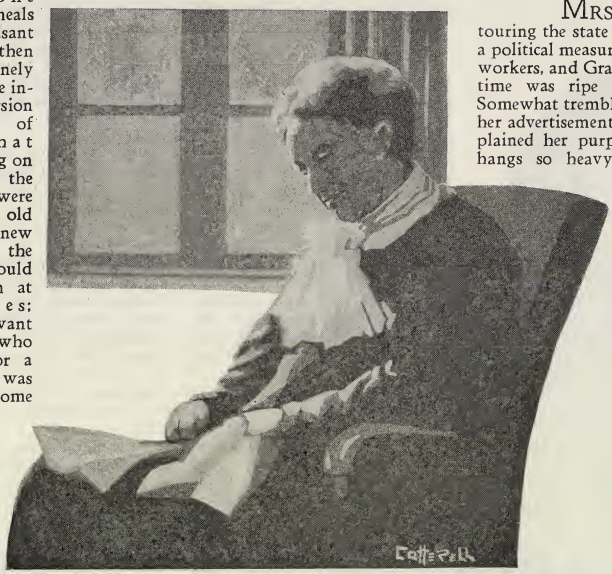
"Mrs. Santa Claus would like to make clothes for dolls. Busy mothers, please notice." Then followed her name, naively set down as "Grandma" Westlin, and her address. She especially liked the thought of "Mrs." Santa Claus.

MRS. WESTLIN was touring the state in the interests of a political measure affecting women workers, and Grandma felt that the time was ripe for her venture. Somewhat tremblingly, she showed her advertisement to John, and explained her purpose. "The time hangs so heavy on my hands, John," she said, pathetically, "that I've just got to do something, whether your wife likes it or not. Even if she does make me go to the Old Ladies' Home!" Her voice broke.

"You won't have to go there, Grandma—don't worry," he told her, reassuringly. He turned back the pages of memory and saw himself, a boy, visiting his grandparents in their village home. Grandma had never been able to do enough for him! How she had fussed and cooked and waited on him, and made every moment of his stay the happiest possible. She had gone, a quaint little figure, to his college commencement and wept with joy and pride when he had received his diploma.

There were certain yellowing clippings in Grandma's Bible. They told of advancement that had come to him in more than one line, and Grandma exulted, not alone because of the honor to the old family name, but because she, worshipping, had always known that John was worthy of, and

(*Continued on page* 732)



NEXT MORNING GRANDMA SCANNED THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE DAILY NEWS AS WAS HER CUSTOM, EVER SINCE HER OWN PROFITABLE ADVERTISEMENT HAD APPEARED. SOMETHING STOOD OUT ON THE CLOSELY PRINTED PAGE IN LETTERS THAT SEEMED TO HER AN INCH HIGH.

The Cover

THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE ORGAN

ON the cover at this Christmas tide we present our readers with an enwreathed photograph of "The Golden-toned Missionary."

We call it missionary, for during the sixty-seven years of its life it has carried the message of the Gospel in music to millions of people—for years to those who went daily to the Great Tabernacle to hear it, to those who came by thousands from far and near to our general conference, and, since radio has become universal, to millions on this and other continents over the air. It is one missionary that has always been gratefully received and which has never been maligned or misunderstood.

It seems that the Lord prepared the way for this grand old musical instrument, for back in the early fifties Joseph H. Ridges, an English carpenter who had learned to build pipe organs, away off in Australia heard the "glad tidings" and came, with a small pipe organ of his own make, to Utah. In 1856—January—he was set to work upon the Great Organ for the Tabernacle, by President Brigham Young. The pines of southern Utah were declared to be the best for use in the organ, consequently thousands of feet of lumber in the form of unsawed logs were brought by ox team to "The City of the Saints," where approximately 100 men were employed upon the organ's construction.

Besides thousands of feet of pine lumber, hundreds of buffalo and beef hides went into the organ, or the residue therefrom, in the form of glue which was made in Salt Lake City.

The grand organ was dedicated in October, 1887. "We can't preach the Gospel, unless we have good music," said President Young upon one occasion to his choir leader—George Careless. "I am waiting patiently for the organ to be finished, then we can sing the Gospel into the hearts of the people." Since 1867 the old organ, alone and accompanied by the Tabernacle Choir, has been doing just that—singing the Gospel into the hearts of the people of many lands.

The original Ridges organ has been revised, improved, and brought up to date several times since 1867. In 1915 the latest addition was made to the organ when the string organ was added. The instrument as it stands today contains 2,648 pipes.

Though it is not now the largest organ in the world, it is one of the best known and best loved instruments that was ever made. It is said that its tonal quality, either on account of its excellent construction largely of Utah wood—much foreign wood has been added in recent years—or on account of the assistance given it by the Great Tabernacle, is second to none in tonal quality.

Six master organists have added to the fame of the beloved instrument—Joseph J. Daynes, John J. McClellan, Edward P. Kimball, Tracy Y. Cannon, Alexander Schreiner, and Frank W. Asper. Several younger organists are already beginning to win acclaim at the historic console.

As a Christmas token to all of our subscribers, this number of *The Improvement Era*, lovingly prepared in special color, has been inclosed in this cover and sent out hoping that it will carry with it the spirit of "The Golden-Toned Missionary."

Christmas

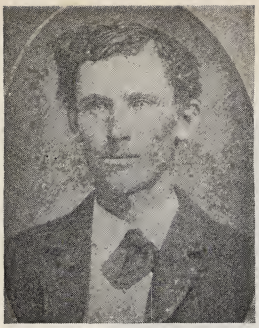
By

CHRISTIE LUND

CHRISTMAS! But not the Christmas it will be
When the Christ-child's message shall be understood;
When men shall walk uprightly and shall see
The dawn of universal brotherhood.

Christmas! But not the Christmas of the dream
He offered to the world—the dream of peace,
Of fellowship—the star's white gleam
Lighting men's souls to glory and release.

Christmas! Let every heart with pity break
For our blindness, and let each knee bend
In reverent prayer to ask for Christ's sweet sake
That our wars, our hatreds and our greeds shall end.



ANTHONY W. IVINS ABOUT 58 YEARS AGO

THE LONG

By

PRES. ANTHONY W. IVINS

It is a long, winding trail from Toms River, New Jersey, to Salt Lake City, to Utah's Dixie, to Mexico and back again to Salt Lake City; from the little country school house and a few months' schooling to a Doctor's Degree from one of the great educational institutions of the nation; from the wee son of a convert to Apostle and First Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; from cowboy to financier; yet, the late President Anthony W. Ivins traveled it. He possessed two strong staffs and acquired one. He had courage in his right hand and an innate honesty in his left—the kind of honesty which goes deep to the very center of the heart, making him intellectually as well as "money" honest. Later in life he acquired a wife. She became a real staff to him, walking with him ever shoulder to shoulder down the long, long trail. The degree, Doctor of Laws (LL. D.) was conferred upon President Ivins by The Utah State Agricultural College last June.

Address Delivered at the Utah State Agricultural College Alumni Banquet, on the Evening of June 2, 1934, in the Library Building.

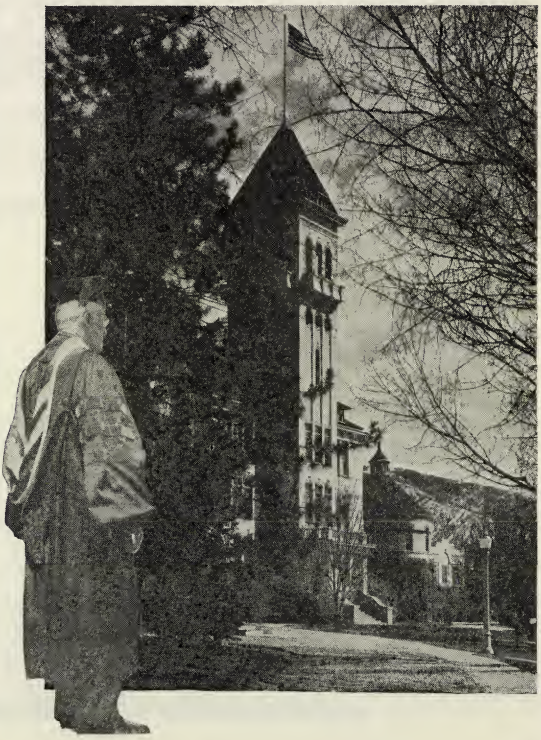
AFTER this introduction I feel more embarrassed than before. I have been embarrassed all day. As I drove up from home this evening I found myself unconsciously humming, "Home on the Range," and when we reached the building from the outside we could hear the students and Alumni singing, "There's a Long, Long Trail."

It took me back to my early life, and I remembered the long winding trail which I have followed during the eighty-two years that I have lived.

Fifty-eight years ago today I was traveling through the White Mountains in Arizona with four other men. The country was infested with Apaches who were on the warpath at that time, and constant vigilance and care were necessary. I was mighty glad when we reached the north side of those mountains among Indians who were more friendly.

I think as I look back, it has been a long, long trail, this life of mine, but always leading me towards the land of my dreams. It has been a long, long night of waiting, but I find my dreams coming true, and I am still walking down this long, long trail with you, you who are present tonight.

John D. Baldwin in his book, "Ancient America," tells us that Columbus came late. Another thing that he says is that America grew up alone. I thought when I read it of the parallel in my own life. I have come very late into this



WINDING TRAIL

PRESIDENT IVINS BEING CONGRATULATED UPON RECEIVING HIS DEGREE, BY SECRETARY WALLACE, U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

association of Alumni of the Utah State Agricultural College, as Columbus came late to America. On the other hand I am not late, because I think that no other person has been admitted to this society at my age, so that I am the first as well as the last.

THERE is still a long trail before us, all of us; and it is not as distinctly and well defined as some might wish it to be, and yet, as I have always done, I and other men still look hopefully forward and expect a better and happier life. In future years I expect to be walking down that long trail with you good people who are present tonight; and in the life to come that is my aspiration, my hope, my desire.

I want to say that while my life has been spent very much alone, I have had since that fifty-eight years ago—and it was soon after that that I was married—a companion with me who has followed these devious ways and hardships without complaint. I just want to say to you young men here: You will never know what real life is until you have such a wife to go with you as you travel down the path of life.

I have been wondering since I came in, which of all my accomplishments and different vocations from which I have graduated entitled me to have the honor which has come to me today. I know that among them I am a graduate cook and dishwasher. On this long trail among the Indians, there were nine months that we did not sleep in a bed, so far as I remember, that was not carried on a horse. I was never sheltered by a tent during the winter. And during that period of time I prepared food for the party, one of whom was the late J. Z. Stewart of Logan. The food, while not always prepared perhaps according to the most modern method in domestic science, served its purpose very well. I am sure that some of you here tonight would have enjoyed the venison steak as I often broiled it, or the good trout that I had caught and fried, had you been there. I think I could have won your admiration for my cooking.

I graduated as a tailor also on that trip. My trousers were worn out, and there was no available way to obtain more. I took a canvas pack cover that we had, spread it out on the ground, ripped up the old trousers and laid them on the canvas, and with my knife cut out a pattern, then sewed it together. It made a very serviceable pair of trousers.

When I recall that kind of tailoring I am reminded of the story of the young mother, who for the first time made a pair of trousers for her little boy. The neighbor asked her how she got along with it, and she replied that there was one thing she didn't like: when she saw Johnny coming down the street she couldn't tell whether he was coming home or going the other way.

I have, among other things been a great traveler. I have been with Bartlett and Perry to the North Pole, with Scott and those who were with him to the South Pole, and again with Amundsen and Byrd to the same place. I have been around Cape Horn with Magellan, and around the Cape of Good Hope with that wonderful navigator, Vasco de Cama. I have been over the long Labrador trail with Dillon Wallace, up the Amazon and down the Orinoco with Caspar Whitney. I have been through the intermountain country with Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and others of the explorers who have left history behind them. I have been in every country in the world. I have sailed on its seas and down its rivers. I have become acquainted with the politics, in a way, of all countries. All of this I have done in books.

I was too busy to go far from home and hadn't the money to go with had I so desired. I have shod

(*Continued on page 763*)

THE TYPE OF RIG PRESIDENT IVINS USED ALONG THE WINDING TRAIL. HE IS DRIVING.

A Christmas Tree for SUSAN

"DEAR Lena," Susan wrote, "I know you won't mind if I ask you to make other plans for Christmas this year.

"Ellen has been ill, and I am unusually busy with my school work, so we aren't planning the usual Christmas festivities. All of you have given up so many really interesting affairs each year just to come up here that you'll appreciate a chance to go somewhere else. . ."

She wrote three more letters and addressed them all in her square, childish, handwriting.

It was five o'clock and almost dark, and the postoffice was two miles away, but Susan knew if she kept the letters until morning she would not send them at all. She pulled up a heavy rough-neck sweater over her navy blue dress and thrust the letters into her pocket. She went through the kitchen to tell Ellen, the housekeeper, where she was going.

The air was crisp and cold; there was more than a suggestion of snow in the sting of the wind against her cheeks, and in the sombre grey clouds. Susan looked up at the tall pines etched against the greyness. A wild exultant thrill surged through her, as it always did at the coming of a storm at The Highlands.

That was Ann's name for their old home and it suited the place magnificently. A rambling farmhouse with fireplaces and big rooms, its situation on the crest of a hill overlooking Hartwell was unique. The tall pine trees surrounding the house gave it a wild, primitive aspect. The first glimpse of The Highlands was always a shock after you had seen the pretty, commonplace little town of Hartwell.

At the postoffice Susan Sherrill hesitated, then thrust the four letters into the box and ran.

"It's what they all want," she assured herself fiercely. "They just come up here because it's the thing to do. They don't really enjoy it."

She blinked hard to keep back the tears and walked very fast, with her head down and her hands plunged deep in her sweater pockets.

It was dark when she reached The Highlands, and the promise of snow had been fulfilled; large flakes whirled and spun in the wind. Susan ran into the kitchen, her eyes shining and the olive pallor of her skin warmed to a rich color by her vigorous walk.

"There'll be no fuss and bother and hard work this Christmas, Ellen," she told the housekeeper. "I've written all of them not to come. Think what a grand time we'll have, just the two of us."

Ellen wiped her floury hands on her apron and looked at Susan with shrewd eyes.

"It'll be a grand time, I'm thinkin', and you eatin' your heart out with lonesomeness for the four o' them."

"Not at all, Ellen," said Susan lightly. "Sure, an' why should I be after pinin' to hear Ann tell me in that languid drawl of hers that my furniture's junk, and I'm old-fashioned," she concluded in Ellen's own brogue.

"Yes, an' Robert, too," said Ellen with spirit. He'd be after turnin' me out of my own kitchen to

By MARGOT SPANDE BEAL

let a fancy cateress run things. Me that's been here thirty years."

"Then there's Elizabeth and her ardent suitors," said Susan laughing. "She thinks I'm crazy to stay in a town where there aren't any men."

"And Lynn Lane," Ellen added with rich scorn. "Her that gives up a good name like Lena Sherrill to call herself by the likes of that, and insults a body when she's asked to sing."

"Lynn," said Sue with dignity, "sings in Grand Opera. She may not be a star yet, but she refuses to debase her art by singing at church sociables." She dropped her pretense of dignity and laughed infectiously. "Come on, Ellen, let's eat in the kitchen tonight. You and I aren't grand New Yorkers and I'm half starved."

SUSAN was very busy all during December. Winter had come with an air of finality and

(*Continued on page* 760)

WITH A FLASH OF UNDERSTANDING SUE DIVINED THAT ANN WASN'T PERFECTLY HAPPY.

"I'M SO TIRED. I HAD TO COME HOME FOR A REST OR GO TO PIECES."

THE LOGAN TEMPLE

By WENDELL O. RICH

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE LOGAN TEMPLE

FIFTY years of unselfish service to fellowman. This is the proud record completed by the Latter-day Saint people in the Logan Temple. More than five million ordinances have been completed within its walls since their erection half a century ago. The splendid thing about this great work is that by far the greatest share is that which has been done by proxy for those who have passed beyond. This is not a work of self-centered interest but of faith and love, more often than not touched with sacrifice.

Wholly in accord with the spirit of the work, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Temple did not find a temporary cessation of the work. Instead, twenty-four thousand more ordinances were performed by the visiting saints. The deep significance and unrivaled beauty of the pageant depicting the history of the Temple carried home to the visiting thousands the wonder of the work performed within its walls. The crowning event to the visitors, after they had spent the day in the temple, came as they left the evening performance of the pageant. With the significance of the temple work freshly impressed upon their minds by the beautiful pageantry, they came out into the night to find the Temple bathed in a flood of light from cornerstone to utmost tower. It was a sight which few who attended will ever forget.

The people of the Latter-day Saint Church are just beginning to realize the responsibility which rests upon them. More and more are finding some time during the year to do work for their dead. Records of the temples show that in the last few years the work is increasing by leaps and bounds. In the Logan Temple, at the completion of its first fifty years the following gratifying results are shown:

1884-1893—First ten years	468,043
1894-1903—Second ten years	245,375
1904-1913—Third ten years	455,340
1914-1923—Fourth ten years	1,513,290
1924-1933—Fifth ten years	2,771,995
Total work for the first fifty years	5,454,043

In every type of work done there

IN HIS NAME

Last summer Saints from all over the inter-mountain region gathered in Logan to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Building of the Logan Temple. At that time many of the general authorities of the Church including President Grant and President Ivins attended. Thousands "went through" the sacred edifice doing work for their departed dead. The following article gives the record of the work done during the half century which has just passed.

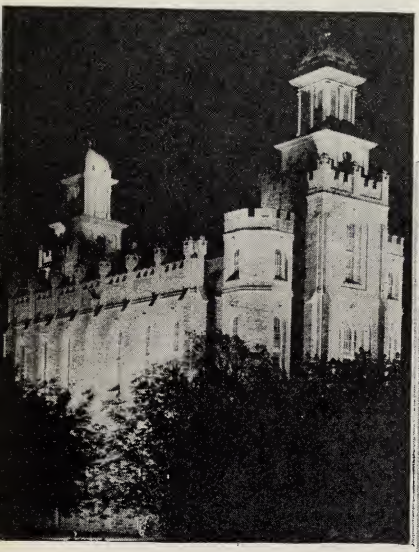
has been an encouraging increase. Large companies are always going through and often the night sessions are swelled to the limit. Records for the last four years show this increase.

	1930	1931
Baptisms	98,467	101,812
Ordinations	33,206	33,839
Endowments	74,053	74,654
Sealings	45,887	49,298
Total	251,613	259,603

	1932	1933
Baptisms	107,270	159,412
Ordinations	37,971	52,000
Endowments	85,587	116,508
Sealings	55,568	67,615
Total	285,396	396,535

The thousands who crowded the tabernacle during the week of the pageant are an indication of the interest which is developing in the work. Many of the older people are spending a major part of their time in temple work and genealogical research. Nor is the increase confined to the older people alone. The genealogical classes throughout the Church are showing a larger and larger proportion of younger members. There is something about the work which makes it inspirational and satisfying to both old and young.

It is inspiring to walk upon the temple grounds beneath the shadow of its walls. There is a feeling about the stately grandeur of the House of God symbolic of the work performed here in his name. But if you really wish to catch the spirit of temple work, you will find it in the faces of those who serve here who have walked the paths of God and found them good.



THE TEMPLE AT NIGHT DURING THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

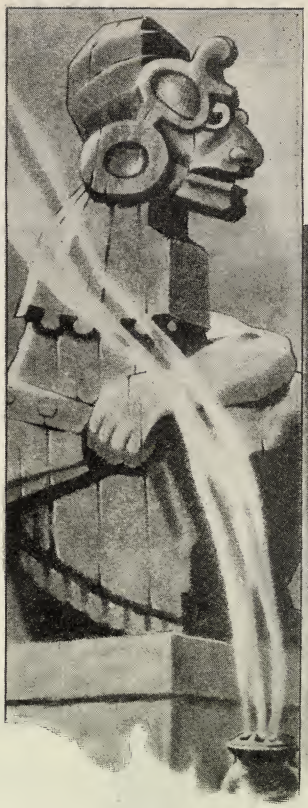
"DAY DIES IN GLORY LIKE A SONG"

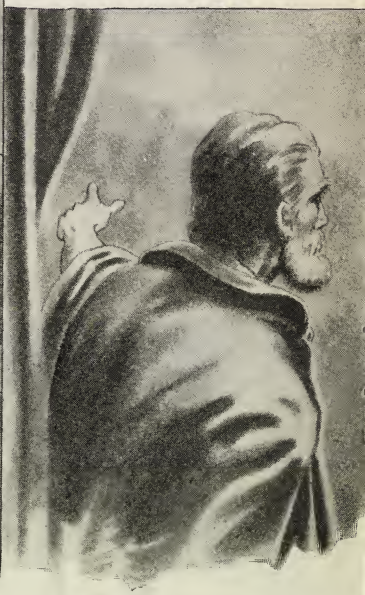
A RO

By

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

There is some inexplicable charm about the thought of civilization of other peoples and other days. Out of the Book of Mormon history inevitably has come imaginative creative writing; love-stories have been woven of the threads of romance suggested in its pages; poetry is to be found there; philosophy is present in abundance. Mrs. Robinson has written this story, building it upon the idealism and sincerity of the people of Book of Mormon times.





CHAPTER II

MEANWHILE, Zena had hurried toward home. Crossing the square where stood the Great Temple, she stopped to gaze at the wonder of its workmanship. To her, its sanctity was overshadowed by the glaring insolence of Noah's tower near by. Always that tower loomed in the background of her thoughts as a dragon of oppression. Reaching, grasping, lashing, it had under King Noah, goaded her people into slavery. What mattered it now if the Master Hand had changed, the monster remained the same and was surely if slowly, crushing the life blood from them. How long, she wondered, could they endure it? From among the shadows, the weird cry of a hoot owl broke the stillness and with an audible sigh, she turned.

Long, lean fingers closed over her arm and a long lean face shrouded in a black hood drew close.

"Too much talk with the Lamanite makes thy return late, Fair One." She spoke in a high whining tone.

"Old Witch, who told thee I spake with the Lamanite?" Zena demanded.

"The ears of Bithna are keen. They hear the secrets of God and men."

"Bithna!" Zena said sharply. "Thou knowest that none save it be His Holy Prophets know God's secrets. Grandfather says witches are idolaters and he that giveth money for witchcraft shall perish."

"Then surely," the old Crone chuckled, "the sons of Lehi shall live forever. This day have I taken but one leah of silver. Only one leah," she whined in the tone of one asking alms.

"But how much gold or corn, Old Witch?" Zena asked suspiciously. A dry chuckle was her only answer so she continued, "Dost thou go my way?"

"Aye. I would that thou shouldst be safe in Jared's keeping this night."

"Why?" demanded Zena.

"For the Sons and Daughters of Lehi there is danger in every shadow," was the evasive answer. "Stay by him who would protect thee. There be evil abroad."

"How dost thou know?" Zena asked again.

The old woman resumed her whining tone.

"The ears of Bithna are keen. They hear the secrets of God and men."

Zena drew away. "Bithna, thou sayest that which is not true."

"Bithna hath said," reiterated the witch smoothly. Then suddenly she slipped away and mingled with the shadows.

Zena hastened to her home. It stood fronting the street, a spacious building. Its hard stony exterior softened by a profusion of shrubs and flowering vines. Within its walls had once shone the limelight of Nephite society, but now it was little used. In one part lived Zena and her aged grandparents alone, except for an old servant who had been with them in the days of their affluence. At her summons, the massive door swung back and she passed inside.

A stranger would have stopped to exclaim over the chiseled paint-

MANCE OF TWO CITIES

HIS BOLD BLACK EYES WANDERED TO THE CURTAIN BEHIND WHICH ZENA AND HER GRANDMOTHER HAD FLED. . . "JARED IS A WEAKLING. HE LETS HIS WOMEN RULE HIM." JARED DID NOT ANSWER, BUT HIS HAND STILL POINTED TO THE DOOR.

ings and intricate mosaics covering the walls; at the gorgeously tiled floors touched here and there with rugs of velvety texture and striking colors; at the number and beauty of statues scattered about; at the stuffed birds of tropical plumage, and silken tapestries that hung profusely and intrigued the wonder as to what lay behind them; but Zena had grown up in this house and just now was blind to its splendors. She passed into a small rectangular room. Two pairs of eyes looked lovingly at her as she entered. Putting down her basket she knelt before the patriarch who half reclined on a couch, and kissed the hand held out to her. For the grandmother she had a warm embrace.

"Dear child," the old lady crooned softly, "your coming is late. I was near distracted."

The girl laughed lightly. "Waste no tears on me. My eyes are keen and my feet swift."

"Ah, but your arm is not strong," the grandmother rebuked her, "and your basket is scarce half filled. Could you find nothing?"

ZENA had thrown aside the scarf and she tossed her head in anger.

(*Continued on page 764*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FIELDING K. SMITH

Let's Talk About Personality

By MILDRED BAKER

If people's minds were transparent, many problems could be settled with ease and finality. Inasmuch as such is not the case, various methods of study and observation must be adopted, that greater understanding and sympathy and tolerance be developed. Readers of the Era have indicated unusual interest in and appreciation for the series by Mrs. Baker, now approaching its conclusion.

PART V

IF you have successfully ascended the three broad steps of mental, emotional and physical adjustment in the development of your personality, you will have developed a definite momentum which will carry you onward and make the going easier from this point. You who have come this far on your journey will have arrived upon a wide plateau from whence you can see, stretching out before you, an ever broadening vista leading to your goal. There are no more steps to climb. From now on the ascent is gradual; an almost imperceptible but steady rise, a sort of "growing out," a reaching up, an evolution or emergence, if you will, of growth and development based on a firm foundation of mental, emotional and physical soundness. Life and the living of it will take on a new and ever increasing interest.

Life is a series of adjustments and readjustments and social adjustments, which we shall discuss in this article. These evolve from the proper functioning of the three major phases of our personality which have been discussed previously. Since we are human beings and must live out our lives in the society of other human beings, an ability to "get along" amicably with others is indeed a happy faculty. It gives us such a definite feeling of comfortable well being. But it does more than that. It enriches us. It stimulates us. It pays rich dividends by uncovering a wealth and depth of beauty and fineness in others that remains an influence in our lives forever.

Being well adjusted socially, means reaching out to others, being genuinely interested in the success and well being of others, solicitous of their good, their happiness and their progress, sympathetically helpful. It means being a friend in very deed and being a friend, makes friends. Social adjustment, in its broadest sense, is a gradual process, begun as soon as we, as children, assume our first relationships. We soon learn that we are members of a group and that certain rules and regulations which apply to the group, apply to us as individuals. We can understand, very early in life, that we are no exception to the rule and can readily learn to follow cheerfully, a well planned and executed regime. As early as two weeks of age, we should begin to understand our relation to the family

(*Continued on page* 766)

ODE TO PERSONALITY

WHAT is it
Makes my heart stand still
And then rush on to catch its beat?
Is it your eyes, or just your smile,
Or the cadence of your voice so sweet?
I wonder—

What is it
Sets my soul on fire
Like gazing at the "Blue Boy's" face
With myriad lights that stay my breath?
Is it your charm, your poise, your grace?
I wonder—

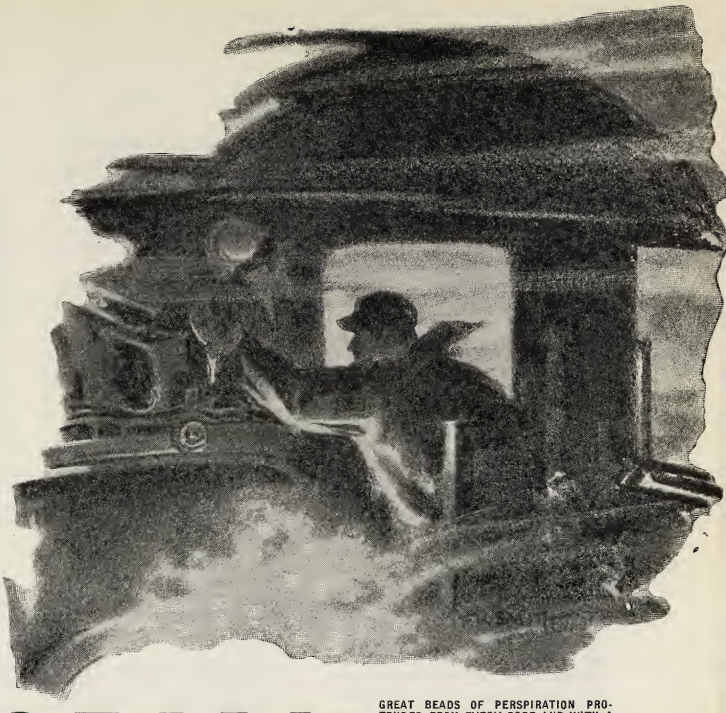
What is it
Thrills me through and through
Like a perfect poem or symphony
And urges me to seek the heights?
Is this just personality?
I wonder—

But this I know
That like a poem or painting rare
Or strain of music so sublime
You lift my soul to realms unknown—
Is it a taste of things divine?
I wonder—

By MILDRED TANNER PETTIT

By THOMAS COTTAM ROMNEY
Principal L. D. S. Institute, U. S. A. C., Logan

The Savior of NACOZARI



GREAT BEADS OF PERSPIRATION PROTRUDED FROM EVERY PORE AND WITH A HEAVY GROAN HE OPENED WIDE THE THROTTLE AND THE TRAIN SPED ON.

ONE hundred and fifty miles from Douglas, Arizona, in the state of Sonora nestles deep in a canyon the city of Nacozari, one of the important mining camps in Northern Mexico. It was built by the Montezuma Copper Company, a branch of the Phelps-Dodge Company, as a center for their extensive mining interests throughout a large area in Northern Sonora. Here they built one of the finest concentrating plants in the world to process the ore from several mines, conveyed there by the company's system of railroads. When I was there more than twenty years ago there were about two thousand inhabitants made up chiefly of Mexicans and Americans most of whom were in the employ of the company. Like many others I went there to retrieve a small fortune lost in mine speculations and found employment in the building line. The majority of the houses at Nacozari were company built and company owned and to the credit of the company be it said, they paid their employees well.

In 1908 I was acting foreman for the company in the construction of their buildings and as such, was on my way from a row of tenement houses under construction to the planing mill when I observed a train of cars winding its way over the circuitous route leading up the steep acclivity east of town. There was nothing unusual about such an event, for trains were constantly going back and forth from the mines, except that in this instance the train seemed to be on fire. I watched it with interest and with considerable curiosity until the last car had passed over the summit of the hill when almost immediately there occurred the most terrific explosion that I had ever witnessed. The force of the concussion was so violent that it seemed to me my head would be blown from my shoulders and as if by instinct I found my hands locked over the top of my head to keep it from being blown into space.

After the shock was over I went at top speed to the summit of the hill to discover if I might, what had happened. The sight I beheld beggars description and like Banquo's ghost, it haunts me still. The first tragic scene in the picture was a dead man lying on his back with the warm blood from his body flowing down the hill in a small rivulet. Passing on I observed that the warehouse which had stood by the side of the track had been so completely demolished that not one particle of evidence remained to confirm the fact that such a building had ever existed.

(*Continued on page 768*)

The White Wings of Christmas

(Continued from page 720)

would receive, the best. With his wife out of hearing he praised Grandma in a way that delighted her beyond expression, and he furthermore promised to see that the advertisement was duly inserted in the morning paper. She was satisfied because "the word of a Westlin was as good as his bond." Keyed to the highest pitch with anticipation, she emptied the bag of "pieces" on her bed, sorted them out, and even threaded a paper of needles to save time when the real operations should begin. Before Mrs. Westlin returned, her little business of being "Mrs. Santa Claus" was so well under way that no amount of protest would stop it. For John put down a decisive foot against interference with the old lady. Hour by hour the shining needles flew in and out and little garments took form like magic.

One of the delighted mothers slipped a five-dollar bill in Grandma's hand. "I insist on your taking it," she said. "I can't sew to save my life, and my little girl has been simply crazy for a new outfit for her favorite doll. She loves this particular doll above anything else and its clothes were in frazzles." She looked with approval at the neat little wardrobe that the patient fingers had wrought. "No this isn't one penny too much. It is well worth it."

Five dollars! Grandma blinked at the bill and touched it unbelievingly. What should she do with it? Of all the uses that occurred to her, which would be the best? Or should she divide it among several causes?

INTERRUPTING her unaccustomed line of financial thought, the doorbell rang insistently, and the maid, displeased, ushered a small boy into Grandma's presence. He was clean but threadbare, and his hands were blue with cold.

"Are you the lady what calls herself Missus Santy Claus?" he asked. "I read yer ad and I brought yer this doll to fix up for my kid sister. She's lame."

He deposited a bundle in Grandma's lap. She unrolled layers of newspaper and discovered a doll—an evident aristocrat among dolls—in spite of the fact that one arm and one leg were missing and that she was sadly rumpled. Little frozen clumps of ashes clung to her and smears of coal disfigured her face. But she had curly bobbed hair and flirty blue eyes with long lashes, and her initial cost had probably been large.

Grandma surveyed doll and boy with interest. "Where did you get this?" she inquired.

"Out'n the ashbarrel over there." He indicated the direction with a jerk of his thumb. "I hunt in the ashbarrels ev'ry night, Lady. Sometimes I find things to take home to my sister. She can't walk and she's always askin' for a doll. But this didn't have no clothes on so I brought it to you to git drest."

"How did you know about me?" pursued Grandma, kindly.

"My mother is advertisin' for work and I was lookin' over the want ads to see if hers was in. That's how I come across yours."

"Have you a father?"

"My father is dead and my mother goes out washin' and cleanin'."

"Has your little sister always been lame?"

"No'm. She was just like any other little girl 'til that sickness went around three or four years ago that left so many kids lame. But she don't seem to mind, Jennie don't. She makes up stories for herself, just as if she was readin', and she sings to herself, for comp'ny. She's nine years old," he volunteered. "The neighbors like her and sometimes they come and set with her while Ma and me are workin'. I sell newspapers. I'm only twelve and you have to be a lot older to get a real job. If I could earn enough money, Lady, my mother would never have to go out to work. I'd see to that."

"I know you would," said Grandma, with approval. She knew exactly what she would do in a case like this if she were in her own home with her own kitchen at her disposal. But in the home of another! "Day after tomorrow's Christmas," she meditated aloud. "I'll have to work quick. Well, sonny, you be sure and come back tomorrow night and the doll will be all ready for your little sister."

"How much will the clothes cost?" he asked. He counted out a few hoarded pennies. "Will it be more than that? There's coal and eats to buy and maybe you won't think this is enough."

"It's enough," said Grandma. His face shone so that her heart glowed responsively.

Surely no doll was ever dressed with more loving care. The choicest remnant in the bag of "pieces" was a bit of pink calico, and Grandma cut into it happily. Little lengths of white muslin and edging were transformed into apparel of which any doll might well be proud, and the pink calico made such a gay little dress that it would bring cheer into the grayest surroundings.

Grandma next turned her attention to the making of an arm and a leg. Tightly rolled cotton and cloth answered the purpose and Grandma attached them to the doll's body with pride. She brushed the tangled hair strand by strand and restored the soiled face to its original cleanliness. Her efforts were repaid by a doll so irresistible that she cuddled it as if she were seven years old instead of seventy-five. Eagerly, she told the story to her grandson, enjoying his interests at sight of the rejuvenated doll. "And that, John," she said, indicating the pink calico, "is a piece of the dress your own father wore when he was two years old and having his first picture taken. It laid in a chest in the attic for years—seemed as if I was too choice of it to ever use it. Then thought I, what's the use of keeping it, and I tucked it right into my bag of pieces. And how glad I am that I did. I can hardly wait for that boy to come back."

NEXT morning Grandma scanned the advertising columns of *The Daily News* as was her custom, ever since her own profiable advertisement had appeared. Something stood out on the closely printed page in letters that seemed to her an inch high.

"Little girl is grieving for favorite doll, thrown into ashbarrel by mistake. Five dollars reward if returned."

"This very doll!" gasped Grandma. And here it was all ready for a little cripple who had never owned a doll and was praying that Santa Claus would bring her one.

"My five dollars and the five dollars reward," reasoned Grandma—"why, we'll have some kind of a Christmas for her after all. But

land alive! I'll have to get a doll with a boughten dress. And mercy me, how will I ever get around in the stores in the Christmas rush?"

The house was deserted, for John did not come home at noon, the maid had received permission to do a personal errand, and Mrs. Westlin was investigating cases that had come to the attention of the charity committee of her club. Grandma felt that she ought not to delay, and that since it was not far to the address of the grieving little girl, she should essay the trip alone. She did not know where to find wrappings, so she clasped the doll in its gay pink calico against her best black coat, and started bravely forth. The kindly policeman on duty at the busy corner gave her the required directions, and halted the traffic. Many a passerby turned and smiled in friendly fashion at the sight, sensing something of more than usual interest in the intent old lady, picking her steps so carefully, and snuggling a bobbed-haired doll to her breast.

What happened was rather a jumble to Grandma. She ascended the brown stone steps of an imposing residence, and rang the entrance bell. The door opened and she entered a great room with an open fireplace. There were soft lights and "oh—these people must live in the lap of luxury," she thought. A child's delighted cry rang out, and a little girl with curls like burnished gold, hurled herself into Grandma's arms and took her and the doll together in an embrace that almost took Grandma's breath away.

Then there was the story to tell to an interested group who wanted to learn all about Mrs. Santa Claus, the "bag of pieces," the newsboy who found the doll in an ashcan, and the little crippled girl. In the center of the group stood the happy little mother, with her restored treasure, hugging her doll, and waiting her turn to tell how the new nursemaid, thinking it was of no value because it was minus an arm and a leg, and likewise clothing (its dress was being laundered for Christmas), had tossed the cherished doll into the ashes; and how badly she felt when she learned that it was the one loved above all others. When she hurried to find it, it was gone.

THERE is no eloquence like that which comes from the heart and Grandma did not seem like a plain old lady in black, telling a story that had largely to do with a piece of pink calico that had once been her baby boy's dress. It was as if the Spirit of Christmas itself was speaking, and every hearer warmed to the appeal.

The little girl and her mother and father bundled Grandma into a big, luxurious automobile and insisted on taking her on a shopping trip that knew no limitations. If Grandma became tired she did not realize it in the least, for the simple reason that she was too happy to sense fatigue.

They did not stop at buying one doll—or two—or three; they added warm bedding and clothing, and a Christmas tree with shining ornaments; books, toys, and even a plant with red flowers. Grandma was finally persuaded into going to her room to rest, with the assurance that the others would call for her in the evening, to deliver the gifts in person. The wealthy father of the little girl took all the more interest because he was on the friendliest of terms with John Westlin.

At the time appointed, the small newsboy came, quivering with hope. "Is the doll all drest?" he asked, and peered about, vainly looking for it.

"Not the doll you found but another, just as nice," said Grandma, and she opened the dresser drawer and heaped his arms with dolls large and small.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, and "Gee!" again. "Oh, I say, Lady!"—and then words failed and he could only stare first at the precious armful and then at Grandma until his eyes blurred over with tears of joy.

"Well, you know I'm *Mrs.* Santa Claus," said Grandma, briskly, getting into her hat and coat, for the automobile was at the door. "Now come and show me where you live, and we will give your little sister a Christmas that *is* a Christmas! And me one, too," she added under her breath, for the Christmas atmosphere in the Westlin household was an extremely rarified one. Grandma had learned long years before, that Christmas has very little to do with the giving of gifts but very much, with the giving of self.

The neighbors stared when the handsome car rolled into their narrow street. The gifts were carried upstairs by many willing hands and placed outside the door until it was discovered that the crippled girl was soundly asleep. An empty stocking was pinned where Santa Claus could not fail to see it, for she was sure that he would find the way to her sometime even if he never had before.

There was nothing in the room outside of bare necessities. "But it's c l e a n — oh, scrupulously clean!" thought Grandma, looking about with the satisfaction of an expert housekeeper, as she went on tiptoes, placing the gifts.

The tree was set up and quickly, deftly trimmed. It sparkled as if it understood. A warm comfortable blanket was thrown over the bed and pretty new clothing arranged where the lame girl's unbelieving eyes would see it the first thing on Christmas morning.

As they left, after a long, satisfied look, the Little Rich Girl tugged at Grandma's arm. "*You* believe in Santa Claus, don't you?" she asked, blue eyes wide in her own happy faith.

"Bless your heart, I always have believed in him and I always will,"

Frontispiece

"THE JOURNEY OF THE WISE MEN"

By J. LEO FAIRBANKS
Head of the Art Department Oregon State College

J. LEO FAIRBANKS, son of the pioneer Utah artist, J. B. Fairbanks, was well known in Utah before he accepted a position as head of the art department of the Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon. A brother of Avard Fairbanks, director of art for the L. D. S. exhibit in the Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago, Professor Fairbanks assisted materially with that exhibit by furnishing the paintings and the stained-glass windows.

The frontispiece this month is appropriate for Christmas. It shows the Wise Men on their way to seek the new King, Christ the Lord.

Professor Fairbanks says: "The picture represents the Wise Men approaching the City of Bethlehem to which strangers were directed by the heavenly symbol. As the lights of Jerusalem became visible, the men argued among themselves that the new King must be born in the City of the King; therefore, the great city should be their destination. They turned in that direction only to find that their worldly wisdom had led them astray. After all, they had to go to the small city to which they were originally directed. 'To Follow Divine Direction Even the Wisest Men Must Surrender Their Human Wisdom to God's Will.' This is the inscription that goes with the picture."

assured Grandma, folding her close.

"Then, what do you want Santa to bring you for Christmas the very most of all?"

"If I whisper, you must never tell a soul in this world," cautioned Grandma, "for even Santa Claus can't give me my heart's desire. But when you see him, just say to him for me that the thing that Grandma wants most, is to have her old home back again."

"Where is your old home, Grandma?" Somehow the Little Girl felt like crying without knowing why.

"It's back in the country, dear, many and many a mile from here—a little white house with green blinds. In summer, there's the loveliest garden!" Grandma, taking her by the hand, added detail after detail, because it was so seldom these days that anyone seemed interested in her affairs.

FOR hours, the Little Girl pondered the tale that Grandma told. She had given her promise not to tell "a soul in this world," but she was not quite sure if Santa Claus answered that description or not. She finally appealed to her father.

"Daddy, is Santa Claus 'a soul in this world'?" she inquired. "Because if he is not, I must write a letter to him."

"No, you couldn't exactly call him 'a soul in this world,' for Santa Claus is surely not like the rest of us. When you speak of a 'soul in this world' you mean people," he answered, understandingly. "So now write your letter."

Patiently the little girl toiled, unwilling to ask for help in composition or spelling for fear that she would have to divulge Grandma's confidence. So it came about that on Christmas Day her father called on John Westlin to explain the circumstances, and put a letter addressed to Santa Claus in his hands.

"Dear Santa Claus," he read. "This is for Grandma. She is not truly my grandmother but she is everybody's grandmother. She said I must not tell a soul in this world only you, but Daddy says you are not a soul in this world, but she wants you to give her back her old home. It is a white house ever so far back in the country, and she cried when she told me about it, she was very happy there. I don't think she is happy now but she did not say so, so please dear Santa Claus, give it back to her, please, please do."

"What am I to do?" said John Westlin, deeply affected. "I didn't realize that Grandma was miserable. After all, it's cruelty, in spite of our best intentions, to uproot old people from their homes. I only thought that Grandma ought not to be living by herself at her age. I might have known that she would be better off where she knows everybody and could do as she pleased."

"This is only a suggestion," offered his friend, "and you may not want to consider it, but let me tell you the story of last night. It would be an ideal place for those two children and their widowed mother and the woman could look out from Grandma and spare her the heavy part of the work. We can investigate the case and make sure it is worthy. Personally, I cannot doubt that it is."

On Christmas night dinner was served in the Westlin home with ceremony. Grandma dressed in her best black silk with white fichu and cameo pin, dutifully ate in silence, because she was present only in body; her spirit being back in the old home living over again the rollicking Christmas days of other years. There had been a formal exchange of gifts.

GRANDMA got back to her room a bit stumblingly. She wouldn't dictate to Providence, but perhaps the Good Lord might mercifully let her spend her next Christmas with Grandpa. Was he somewhere beyond those glittering starways? Did he miss her too, this Christmas night? She spread the curtains wide and the great planet of evening swung into vision. So must the Star of Bethlehem have looked. Her heart thrilled to the Creator's shining message and her whole being was flooded with peace.

"I guess I'll get me to bed, now," she thought. "God's in His heaven; it's all right."

On the pillow lay an envelope with a gay Christmas seal. It was addressed to Grandma and she opened it wonderingly, looking for the signature first of all. When she read "Santa Claus" she gave a tremulous little laugh.

Her hands shook so that she had difficulty in reading the strong, masculine handwriting that said:

"Grandma: Your wish has been made known to me. Your little white home with green blinds, away back in the country is waiting for you to come back to it. I can't take you there in my sleigh drawn by my reindeer, much as I would like to; but my messenger has bought a railroad ticket that will take you there just as soon as you are ready to start."

"Your friend,
"Santa Claus."

GRANDMA read the letter over and over again before she fully comprehended its meaning. Then she gave a quavering little scream, that John Westlin, waiting outside her door, heard with a gulp in his throat. He hurried into the room and Grandma threw herself into his arms, laughing and crying all in one breath. "What do you think?" she exclaimed, her old happy self again. "God has said Merry Christmas to me!"

In the meantime, a second letter was in the hands of the little girl, and it too, was signed "Santa Claus." "Oh, Daddy," she cried, "what does this part of it mean?" And he, with a volume of Eugene Field's poems on his knees, turned the pages and found the lines:

"You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you will know."

This was the message:

"Dear Little Girl:

"Did you know that Christmas is not just one day in the year? It is every day, because the real Christmas is in your heart. Whenever you do anything for anybody because you love them, you have heard the echo of the angels' song of peace and goodwill. Those who listen will always hear the rustle of the white wings of Christmas. May the beautiful Christmas Spirit abide with you always.

"And to make you very happy indeed, Santa Claus has bought Grandma's old home and she is going back to stay there as long as she lives. The little lame girl and her mother and brother will make their home with Grandma too, and by another Christmas the little lame girl will be strong and well.

"I am glad that you wrote me that letter. It will be our secret and we will not tell 'a soul in this world.'

"Your friend, now and always,
"Santa Claus."

POETRY

A Regiment of Stars in Bivouac

By Solveig Paulson

TOO closely wrapped with vast unanswered truths
Of tortured Fate and human lack,
I looked into a midnight sky and saw
A regiment of stars, in bivouac.

And as I looked upon that burning multitude
Of luminous far worlds in aged serenity,
Eternal whys fell shattered from my lips,
It is enough to live—Peace cradled me.

December

By Rena Stotenburgh Travais

BLUSTER and blow, and pelt us with snow,
Then we'll be sure to remember;
Tingle our feet, and spray us with sleet,
That's what you came for—December.
Bring on your gales, and let them be flails
Beating the shelterless spaces;
Darken the night, and take your delight
In flinging your frost in our faces;
You are so bold, come on with your cold,
Give us a month to remember;
Blizzard and blast, and rage to the last;
Then, you are done for—December.

Mother's Things

By Bess Foster Smith

WHEN mother passed, it seemed to fall to me
To help divide her sacred souvenirs,
They marveled that I opened box and drawer,
To lay them out without a sign of tears,

And when they spoke ahead for this and that,
Or thought another had a larger share,
Again they raised their weeping eyes at me
Because, I guess, they thought I did not care.

But there are things I want that mother had:
That love that passeth all and will endure,
That power to find content in little things,
That steadfastness that makes things hoped for sure.

Oh it was I who had the selfish wish—
And though I guess they thought me very odd,
I wanted all the things that mother had—
Those priceless things—that she had got from God.

The Love of Christ

By Grace Zenor Pratt

WE loved so many things, both you and I, so long ago.
Among those things, a picture which we shared, a masterpiece—
The Christ, by Hoffman—pure of profile, sweet,
So clear, that face; exquisite like a dream;
The eyes deep wells of tenderness. I seem
To see you now, as with bowed head
You stood, all reverent. A prayer heart-felt, unsaid.

We loved so many things, just you and I, so long ago.
A strain of music with a fire divine,
A poem with a thought of god-like grace.
And I see the rapture of your face—
We loved so many things, just you and I.
The sweets of earth, the good, the best and true
When you were near, and I the world to you.

The Christ, by Hoffman, hangs in honored place.
The face serene; but pity for our blindness seems to glow
From those deep eyes; the wisdom of the years
Dissolves misunderstanding, calms our fears.
We loved so many things, and this is why
The years have made us richer—you and I.

Which Was the Best Poem of the Volume?

***CONTRIBUTORS** of poetry to the pages of "The Improvement Era" are undoubtedly aware that at the close of the volume judges go over all of the poetic contributions of the year and decide which, in their judgments, are the three best. The winners will be announced in a later number of the magazine. Watch for them.*

You have now seen all of the poetry for this year. You may also choose the winners. We shall be glad to have our readers write to us giving their choices.

Christmas Gifts

By Rachel G. Taylor

NO pomp or glory of men
That first birthday—
But a gift of heavenly song
Falling on night's calm air
And lowly shepherds seeking the place
Where the Christ Child lay.

Ending the quest of the guiding star
At a humble stable door,
The wise men came
From eastern lands
Laying their gifts
On a straw-strewn floor.

Every year when Christmas comes
With shining baubles gay trees we trim—
On topmost tip
Bright tinsel stars,
Gifts for loved ones weighting each limb—
What of our birthday gift for Him?

What Does He Think?

By Mrs. A. S. Johannesson

WHAT does He think, these latter days,
About our human castaways?
* * * * *
With purse-proud heart and unctuous air
The "Godly" fill the House of Prayer
To worship, with punctilious care,
The lowly Nazarene.

A golden-throated organ swells,
And lilies nod their satin bells,
While snowy-surpliced cleric tells
Of Him—the Nazarene.

Outside—where Winter broods and gloats
In broken shoes and threadbare coats,
His children—deep in sob-racked throats
Cry, "Help us, Nazarene!"

Where would He be, these latter days,
If once again He trod our ways
And saw these tragic castaways—
The tender Nazarene?

Think you His simple heart would crave
From alabaster urn to lave
His converts, in a lofty nave—
The humble Nazarene?

Do you not think that now, as then,
He'd salvage souls of hapless men
And feed the hungry hordes again—
The loving Nazarene?

And what would His disciples do?
All genuflect, in padded pew,
Giving but vain lip-service to
The Christ—the Nazarene?

"Sell all the worldly goods thou hast
To feed the poor! And pray—and fast—
If thou with me thy lot would cast!"
Thus spake the Nazarene.

Yet—
With frozen heart and pious air,
The "Godly" fill His temple fair,
Addressing, with a printed prayer,
The heart-sick Nazarene.

Who Finds Christmas?

NEAR the end of every year a period of festivity occurs and toward it is turned the attention of the entire Christian world. Christmas! The time when all the family, some friends, some acquaintances and a few relatives must be remembered with a card, call or gift; the time when merchants begin to compute their returns on advertising and clever window-displays; the time when many measure the warmth of others' feeling by the value of their gifts. It is the ending of the old year, but from it is to arise the beginning of the new.

Almost buried under mountains of holly, plum pudding, stockings full of fruit and nuts, neckties and hankies, indigestible confections, delight over unexpected evidences of love and friendship and disappointment over expected ones—who finds Christmas? Some there are who, undaunted by the formidable array of trimmings and impedimenta, experience Christmas in all its loveliness. For Christmas should never be just a day—but the beauty of life and living and hope of the hereafter boiled down into a day. It should be much feeling experienced in a few hours; a wealth of hope and faith and belief, with or without the carols and organ music and solemn dignity of cathedral or chapel.

In order really to find Christmas, one must first find keen consciousness of the senses to which Christmas appeals, and thanksgiving for those senses. Eyes are a part of the Christmas spirit—eyes with which to see the lights on snow, stars in the deep blue of sky; glad expectancy on faces of children and the red and green of emblems which color streets and homes. Noses are a part of it, too, sharing the spiciness emanating from strange homes, smelling the piney tang of the woods as trees give forth their fragrance, whiffing the fresh vigor of the winter wind as it whirls snow into the air. Taste—for the cranberry, the candy-cane, the nuts and raisins, and even the pine-needle plucked from the Christmas tree and thoughtlessly chewed—comes in for gratitude; touch—the furry warmth of the new coat-collar, the smooth gloss of the pages of the longed-for book, the chill kiss of frost on ruddy cheeks—without it where were this part of the holiday?

But for finding Christmas one must have senses of the soul as well as of the body! Those who have them are they who find Christmas.

Some there are who, seeing into the hearts of others, detect discouragement, doubt, loneliness, despair; give the word of cheer, the pressure of the hand, the lift of confidence which help both giver and recipient. Others touch the lives of the too-wealthy and self-satisfied and make them aware of the human needs awaiting their services. Many think through their own pattern of living and find there a black thread of carelessness, a brown one of lack of consideration, a too-bright one of emphasis on valueless trifles, and determine to make the fabric of the year-ahead one of greater harmony and beauty.

Those who find Christmas give friendship to friends, love to their loved ones, fidelity to faith; they give thought not to gifts but to Him in whose honor gifts are given. They give timeless gifts which will not fade or rust or know disintegration, for they are gifts of the spirit. Someone has said that to defend a person is to give him a little of your heart forever. The same applies to a principle of belief. Conversely, to fail to defend is to take from people and principles your heart.

This Christmas comes at a time when the world is troubled concerning matters which once were unquestioned. While war, perhaps, is not rampant, neither is there peace on earth, for from the very souls of many people peace has fled. The finding of Christmas this year will depend upon the finding of peace and sharing it with others. Try, as a present for yourself and those who are on your list, to give a little of your heart to those people and beliefs who want your heart. Clarify your attitudes toward disturbing conditions; find answer to the problems uppermost in preventing peace from becoming your companion. Seek the comforting influence of One born in a manger that first Christmas; extend love to all His children; find renewed faith in His teachings. Then will you know that there is peace on earth; then will you find Christmas.—*E. T. B.*

Are You Having Your "Eras" Bound?

IF you are having your volume of *The Improvement Era* bound, a complete index of the volume will be furnished to you free upon request. Please order soon and inclose postage for the return of the index.

We urge people to bind their volumes. They become valuable additions to a home library. We have many requests to reprint stories and poems from back volumes. We think it would be much better to preserve the volumes as the world moves on and the magazine wishes to keep up with the times. If you cannot afford the binding right now, tie your magazines together and hold them until you can bind them.

Some people wish that we might so arrange our advertising that it could be removed from the magazine at binding time. We cannot so arrange it, but if we could we would hesitate. Our researches among old volumes of newspapers and magazines have proved that often the advertisements throw great light upon past events. We even bind our covers with our magazines.

Don't forget, if you are binding the magazine, you may have the index to the entire volume for the postage—about three cents.

EDITORIAL

Sunday Evening on Temple Square

ON Sunday evening at 10:30 M. S. T., people all over America may bring their Day of Rest to a satisfying close by tuning in the Great Organ. "The Golden Toned Missionary," played by Frank W. Asper, the Church organist, accompanied by Richard P. Condie, tenor, will bring peace to the soul even in a troubled world. For four years the great quartette—the Old Organ, Frank W. Asper, William Hardiman, violinist, and Earl J. Glade, manager of KSL, have given the nation messages of peace. Recently Mr. Hardiman, who has left Salt Lake City, has been replaced by Mr. Condie. KSL is on 1130 kilocycles.

Changes in Church Officials

ALTHOUGH practically every member of the Church has already heard of the changes which have taken place recently among the officials and general authorities of the Church, we are recording those changes here in order that there might be a record in this magazine. A complete biographical sketch of Elder A. A. Hinckley will appear later as the latest addition to our series—"Greatness in Men."

Changes in the First Presidency

Owing to the death of Elder Anthony W. Ivins, First Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, Elder J. Reuben Clark, Jr., who had been serving as Second Counselor, was advanced to the position of First Counselor, and Elder David O. McKay, a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, was sustained as Second Counselor in the First Presidency. Elder J. Reuben Clark, Jr., was also sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

Changes in the Council of the Twelve

To fill the vacancy left when Elder McKay was advanced to the First Presidency, Elder Alonzo A. Hinckley, President of the California Mission, was sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

Changes in the First Council of Seventy

To fill the vacancy left in the Presidency of the First Council of Seventy, Elder Rufus K. Hardy was sustained to succeed President Charles H. Hart, deceased.

The California Mission Presidency

Elder Nicholas G. Smith, who, for several years has been acting patriarch of the Church, has been selected as President of the California Mission to succeed President Alonzo A. Hinckley, who has been sustained as an Apostle.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board

Elder George D. Pyper, former Second Counselor in the Superintendency of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, has been sustained as General Superintendent of the Board and of the Sunday Schools in all the world to succeed President David O. McKay, who has become a member of the First Presidency of the Church. Elder Stephen L. Richards, First Counselor in the Superintendency, was released and Superintendent Pyper selected as his counselors Elders Milton S. Bennion and George R. Hill.

Elder Stephen L. Richards was released from the Superintendency in order that he might devote all of his time to his work as a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. It was stated that the duties of members of the Council of the Twelve have become so arduous that members have little time to devote to other matters.

Change In Presidency of Genealogical Society of Utah

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, has been sustained as President of the Genealogical Society of Utah, succeeding President Anthony W. Ivins, who held that position up to the time of his death.

All of these brethren are so well known to the membership of the Church that nothing more will be said of them at this time. Sketches of their lives will appear at a later date.

The Deseret News Receives Recognition

WHEN, owing to many causes, the Public Library of New York City was forced to reduce the number of newspapers which it keeps in its archives, only four papers published outside of New York City were retained on the list. The *Deseret News* was one of these.

The *Deseret News* was established in June, 1850, in Salt Lake City, and has been published continuously since that date. It began as a weekly, but as conditions changed it was made a daily. For some years it published both a weekly and a daily and at one time a semi-weekly and a daily. At present it is published daily except Sunday, with a magazine section and Church Supplement on Saturday.

Since its beginning the *News* has more or less featured local and inter-mountain features, believing that its readers were more interested in the affairs of this region than in syndicated articles purchased by the tons from syndicates. The decision of the New York Public library bears testimony to the soundness of the policy. The *Deseret News* has, in a unique way, been for eighty-four years the voice of this inter-mountain region and is highly deserving of the confidence imposed in it by what is undoubtedly one of the greatest libraries in the world.

The four newspapers chosen for the archives of the library are *The Deseret News, The Christian Science Monitor, The San Francisco Chronicle,* and *The Boston Transcript.*

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

AGE OF INNOCENCE (*R. K. O.*): Study of social-moral values of New York in the '80's. Story of love and sacrifice which gives much food for thought. *Mature.*

BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (*M. G. M.*): Brilliant screen version of the love story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett told with subtlety and good taste. *Mature.*

CARAVAN (*Fox*): Gypsy romance which sets feet to dancing and hearts to singing. *Family.*

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (*20th Century*): Superb production, with acting, setting, direction and emotional appeal fascinating. *Family.*

JUDGE PRIEST (*Fox*): Will Rogers in the perfect story of post-war Kentucky. *Family, and delightful.*

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (*20th Century*): Crisp, unique and refreshing, this Arliss picture combines genuine pathos and sentiment with some of the best humor of the season. *Family.*

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (*Colum.*): A musical production not to be missed. Both story and singing are lovely. *Family.*

QUEEN CHRISTINA (*M. G. M.*): Not exactly accurate historically, the picture still carries historical value. Except for one scene it is wholly lovely. *Mature.*

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (*R. K. O.*): Unforgettable performance, in which Englishman's bondage to cheap little waitress becomes tragically real. *Mature.*

SERVANT'S ENTRANCE (*Fox*): Poor little rich girl masquerades as servant to prove her worth. *Family.*

TREASURE ISLAND (*Para.*): Full of blood and thunder, the picture carries much of the charm of the book. *Family.*

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (*Para.*): Picture of tears and laughter will appeal as did the book to the *Family.*

VIVA VILLA (*M. G. M.*): Powerfully vivid drama of Mexico which will thrill some and chill others. *Mature.*

THE WORLD MOVES ON (*Fox*): Excellent portrayal which ties America into the World War and shows what war did to human and international relations. *Family.*

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (*Fox*): A man's desire for freedom and romance in the Island of Capri frustrated by the war and convention. Those who are sensitive to beautiful emotional influences will respond completely to this. *Family.*

AS THE EARTH TURNS (*Warners*): Slow-moving, but full of pleasant, homely drama. *Family.*

THE groups of organizations judging the pictures and presenting estimates representative of their united opinions are: Nat'l Daughters of the American Revolution; Nat'l Society New England Women; General Federation Women's Clubs; California Congress of Parents and Teachers; Nat'l Council Jewish Women; Women's University Club. Audience classifications indicate, roughly the following: Children—up to 14 years of age; Adolescents—up to 18 years; Young People—18 to 25 years; Adults—above 25 years. The advice of the preview committees is, "Select your pictures. Go to those you know are of fine type. Stay away from those that you know are trashy or objectionable. Your admission ticket is a definite contribution toward setting standards of production."

BABY TAKES A BOW (*Fox*): A small star rises above a mediocre story which combines slapstick, melodrama, underworld touches and sensationalism. *Family.*

BLIND DATE (*Colum.*): Modern Cinderella romance in which family scenes supply diverting comedy and appeal. *Family.*

BRITISH AGENT (*Warners*): Excellent portrayal, yet the play somehow lacks life. *Mature.*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN "BRIGHT EYES"

JANE EYRE (*Monogram*): The old story well presented. *Mature.*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (*Univ.*): A good story, well-told, and carrying an atmosphere of Dickens, without the confusion of too many characters. *Family.*

WE LIVE AGAIN (*United Art.*): The compelling story of old Russia, with the death of a girl's soul and her resurrection, and that of a young prince, coming through renunciation and cleansing. *Adults.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS (*M. G. M.*): Delightful presentation of Barrie's play. *Family.*

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (*R. K. O.*): Simple story of the orphan girl adopted by a spinster and her slow-spoken brother and the wholesome effect her quaint personality has upon them. Nice balance of humor and pathos. *Family.*

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (*Monogram*): Acceptable story of a country girl's battle for education and her triumph. Regrettably that part of the book which dealt with nature—moths, woods and birds—is almost ignored. *Family.*

BACHELOR OF ARTS (*Fox*): Sincere, inspirational picture of college life, with the fine understanding of faculty men counteracting the communistic tendencies of a wealthy student. *Family.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS (*Chesterfield*): A broken, penniless old actress has one last fling at life, masquerading as a lady of wealth. Not particularly important, but pleasing. *Family.*

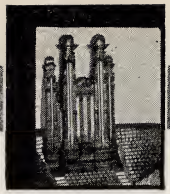
FUGITIVE LADY (*Colum.*): A well-knit plot in which many parallel lines of action weave into a swift, interesting climax. *Family.*

OUTCAST LADY (*M. G. M.*): The "Green Hat" has been cleaned up for the screen, and has lost nothing of its dramatic appeal thereby. It's a good story of a sister's gripping love for her brother, but it leaves one wondering, as did the book, whether people really act that way or not. *Adults and Young People.*

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW (*Univ.*): A wholesome story of a family brought back to normal and saved from wreckage. Clean, cheerful and agreeable. *Family.*

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (*R. K. O.*): The unfortunate boy, doomed to sorrow because he was born on Wednesday, lives in a broken home, drawn two ways when his parents separate. From his hardened determination to live his own life he is rescued by his father. *Adults and Young People.*

* M U S I C *



New Appointees on Music Committee

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT has named six new members to serve on the Church Music Committee. Their names are: Bishop David A. Smith, Frank W. Asper, Gerrit de Jong, Lester Hinchcliff, Alfred H. Durham, and Sister Matilda W. Cahoon.

In addition to these new appointees the organization is made up of the following: Melvin J. Ballard, Chairman; George D. Pyper, Secretary and First Assistant Chairman; Edward P. Kimball, 2nd Assistant Chairmann Tracy Y. Cannon; Anthony C. Lund; Sisters Ida P. Beal and Evangeline T. Beesley.

A special committee is making a study of music conditions in the Church with a view to adjusting certain conflicts now existing and correcting other undesirable conditions which seem to be detrimental to sound progress in Church music.

Subcommittees have been appointed on Choristers and Organists, literature, Inter-Relations and Publication.

Christmas Messages in Song

IT is most fitting that choirs and other singing organizations of the Church at this Christmas time should tell again the beautiful story in the most effective way that any story can be told, namely, to the accompaniment of a fine musical setting. I am sure that nothing can be more convincingly presented than a good message accompanied by music of a high order. Of course it is important that the story is worth being told.

The first consideration on the part of our music directors should be to find a message that is in harmony with the restored gospel; the second consideration is to find a good musical setting. Of course we are very anxious to have both the good story and the good music go together. No matter how splendid the music, if the story has no merit the song will be more or less like a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. In the literature of the Church may always be found a text worthy to be told. And I am also happy to say that generally this text is accompanied by a good musical setting. There is no service rendered by the workers of the Church more acceptable to the Lord and more pleasing to the people than the service performed by our choirs who spend so much time in preparation and then give the people a great uplift through their excellent presentations.

I trust that the people throughout the whole Church will receive inspiration from the glorious music that will be presented at this Christmas-tide, and that our singing groups will prepare themselves to do the finest job they have ever done. The Lord bless them for this great missionary service they are performing!

Sincerely your brother,
Melvin J. Ballard,
Chairman Church Music Committee.

Christmas Music

THE members of the Church Music Committee are frequently asked to suggest appropriate hymns and anthems for the Christmas season and in answer to these questions we suggest the following:

Temple Anthems, Vol. II:
"Gloria," by Mozart (Mixed).
"Christmas Day," by Stephens (Ladies).

Deseret Anthems, Vol. I:
'Arise, Shine for That Light is Come," Elvey (Mixed).

Deseret Anthems, Vol. II:
"Behold a Star Appeareth,"—Robertson (Mixed).

The above are for sale at the Deseret Book Co., 44 E. So. Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

The N and M Church Collection:
25 Christmas Carols and Choruses (Mixed), 12 Cents a copy.
Standard Christmas Carols (Published by Lorenz) (Mixed 10c per copy), Ladies 15c copy, 15 Carols.

The last two collections on sale at Beesley Music Company, 61 So. Main, Salt Lake City, Utah, or at local music stores.

L. D. S. Hymns:
Nos. 241, 260, 304, 346.
Deseret Songs: 28, 81, 102, 122, 174, 214, 221.

THE RED CROSS REACHES INTO MILLIONS OF HOMES

THE Red Cross—as a symbol of service or a symbol of mercy—touches the lives of millions of Americans.

In five years of economic depression and partial recovery Red Cross has given direct relief to one out of every five persons in the United States. These were victims of unemployment, drought, tornado, flood, earthquake and other catastrophes.

An average of 100 disasters each year call for Red Cross aid to thousands of sufferers, who are given food, clothing, shelter, medical aid and help in regaining self-support.

More than a million men and women, boys and girls, wear the insignia of Red Cross Life Saving or First Aid. These safety services were taught this year to 70,000 men employed on federal relief projects and to key men in every Civilian Conservation Camp.

Each year a quarter million disabled ex-service men and dependents, and men in the regular Army, Navy and Marine Corps and their families receive the friendly assistance of the Red Cross worker.

Red Cross public health nurses visit the sick in city and rural homes. They have aided at the birth of more than 19,000 babies during the depression years and also made 1,289,000 visits to or in behalf of more than 100,000 maternity cases. Thousands of children reached by these nurses, have had conditions of malnutriiton discovered and checked.

In homes and in institutions the blind are furnished with braille literature through the skill of Red Cross braille workers who print thousands of these books.

Almost 7,000,000 school boys and girls, members of the Junior Red Cross, wear buttons with the motto "I Serve."

To carry on this humanitarian work more than 100,000 men and women volunteer their services through the 3,700 Chapters and 10,000 Red Cross branches which cover the nation.

Four million men and women join the Red Cross as members every year. Their membership dues furnish the funds for Red Cross work.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

Melchizedek Work to be in Bulletin

THE work of the Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums will be carried on largely through instructions which will be given in bulletins during 1935. Even more emphasis will be placed upon the monthly quorum meeting, but full instructions for each month will be given in the quarterlies which will be issued from time to time.

A preview of the year's work will probably appear in these pages at a later date.

Needed Qualifications For You and Me Missionaries—Seventies

Wholeheartedness: Success in all that you do; diligence.

Faith: Assurance, built upon conviction of the truth.

Hope: Quality of good cheer; sunshine of your soul.

Charity: The sum of virtues; pure love of God; unselfishness.

Virtue: Sum of desirable qualities; strength; patience; courage; love; self-control; endurance.

Knowledge: Source of wisdom in all that you may teach.

Temperance: Control in all things; speech, thought, emotions, appetite, relaxation, feelings.

Patience: Forebearance; willing to give or take to endure.

Brotherly Kindness: Brotherhood of man; One is your Master.

Godliness: An ideal; an aspiration; to be like God; holiness.

Humility: The sweetness of human nature; tolerance.

Prayerfulness: Source of strength, wisdom, power, love; the only access unto God; soundness of your mind.

Ambition: Not unholy; to achieve; honor for the truth.

Industry: Ability to drive yourself; mental activity; doing tasks that may seem to you, distasteful.

Persistence: Endurance; plans put over; qualities of the plodders; stick-to-it-iveness for the right.

Dependability: Doing tasks assigned you; to be relied upon.

Forcefulness: Self-reliance; control; plenty of reserve power.

Self Confidence: Know your capabilities; conscious of your power to do, to succeed for righteousness.

Friendliness: Appreciation of others; lean not too much on others; tolerance is its right hand.

Adaptability: Mental pliability; able to listen to other's plans; power to meet the situation.

Tact: Ability to fit in; team work; always giving credit where it is due; harmonizing ability.

The Seventies Manual

THE *Seventies Manual*, a study in outline of the "Basic Principles of Spiritual Progress," is now in the hands of all the seventies of the Church. The brochure, consisting of twelve well-written lessons, deals with the fundamental principles by which we attain spiritual life, and is summarized in the preface as follows: 1. Finding God; 2. Becoming Worthy of Him; 3. Coming into Union with Him; 4. Coming into Fellowship with Him; 5. Coming into Partnership with Him. The author in the first chapter takes up the meaning of religion, and establishes the truth that religion is to bring us to an understanding of God. It is the spiritual power which connects our lives with God and His purposes. Then follow chapters on *Salvation, The Mission of the Savior, The First Principles of the Gospel: Faith, Repentance, and Baptism*, and the *Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost*. There are also chapters on the *Kingdom of God* and the *Abundant Life* together with other subjects which are in keeping with the title of the manual. While all these subjects are and will always be the basic themes for Gospel study, the author has given a new approach to them.

The unifying purpose of the study of the Gospel is a knowledge of the Kingdom of God, which is a real Kingdom, with Christ our Lord at the Head as King of Kings. It is a Kingdom that can only be earned by obedience to the principles of eternal life that were taught by the Master. It is a place where spiritual power in the widest sense becomes the life of every one who attains unto the Kingdom, and the glory of it all lies in the fact that the beauty of the Kingdom is increased by our living near to God, in humble service.

The *Seventies Manual* like all outlines should be a guide to an understanding of the subjects considered. Prescribed lessons should not be given by rote, nor are they intended to do the thinking for the student. The Manual is a guide book, and is therefore a help in understanding the subjects that are written about by the author. Every one of the seventies should remember that knowledge is making truth a part of his personality, and this is done only as he thinks and relates the subject to his own life. Every brother who speaks should couch his thought in his own simple language. "Practice makes perfect." The oftener one can express one's thoughts, the more efficient one becomes in speaking.

The student (every seventy is a student) should react to every lesson studied, for it deals with a realization and enrichment of life. Every lesson should put the student in a spiritual state of mind. Much of the subject matter may be forgotten, but the outcome of a Sunday's lesson must be a changed life from yesterday to a richer life of today. The student says with the prophet of old: "Here will I abide, and I will forever seek that which is just and good."

The treatment by the author of the Ordinances of the Gospel is enlarging in thought. The writer illustrates his themes with well chosen stories, but the reader must remember that in studying these ordinances the principles behind them are higher than the ordinances themselves. The life of religion is of first importance. Every quorum should have as good a teacher as is available. Teaching is an art and the teacher is an artist, for it is he who has the power to stimulate an interest in every lesson that is assigned for study. The author carefully avoids all arguments, but encourages a free and open discussion on every subject, and every member of the class respects the opinion of every other one. The teacher carefully guides the discussion, and no expression or thought is considered as trivial. It is always the honest expression of an honest student. At the close of the hour, the teacher brings the points together, and summarizes the entire lesson in such a manner, that every seventy leaves the meeting with a vital truth of religion which becomes a guiding light and inspiring thought in his life.

While the author of the manual mentions a great many writers, the average reader and student must not become confused, and feel disappointed if he does not understand every quotation or bit of philosophy that may be brought in to vivify the lessons. Try to obtain from every lesson one fine thought and weave it into your life as a personal impression, evoked by something that has been read or told in the meeting.

The author of this brochure has no desire to impress upon the minds of others a slavish copy of the principles taught, but on the contrary, he hopes merely to make room for the answering contribution of his partners in the class and to impress upon every brother the truth and glory of the divine principle that is given in every lesson.—*Levi Edgar Young, First Council of Seventy.*

WARD TEACHING

Ward Teacher's Message, January, 1935

Family Prayer

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21:22.

FROM the dawn of history prayer has been one of man's greatest sources of comfort, solace, faith and power.

In our Church both individual and family prayer have been taught from the beginning. There has been no change in that teaching. Latter-day Saints are urged to engage in both secret and family prayer.

In the revelations (see D. & C., Sec. 66, Revelation on Prayer, and Sec. 68, verses 28 and 33) it is made clear that members of the Church are to pray and to teach their children to pray. These instructions are given: "Pray unto the Lord, call upon His holy name." * * * "And they shall teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord." * * "And a commandment I give unto them, that he that observeth not his prayers before the Lord in the season thereof, let him be had in remembrance before the judge of my people."

In days like these, described a hundred years ago in prophecy as "the days to come," that family which engages in regular family prayer is unified, strengthened and fortified against temptation and trouble. Today in thousands of Latter-day Saint homes this important duty is discharged religiously and the blessings of the Lord are received. In other homes it has ceased. This is regrettable.

What should we pray for? The Lord's Prayer answers that question. It is a model. The Savior said: "After this manner shall ye pray." Some may say, "Why should we pray audibly when the Lord can understand our very thoughts? If we were speaking directly to Him would we not speak audibly?"

Brigham Young said: "In our family circles let every heart be united with the one who takes the lead by being mouth before the Lord, and let every person mentally repeat the prayers and all unite in whatever is asked for, and the Lord will not withhold, but will give to such persons the things which they ask for and rightly need."

The principal objective of Ward Teaching suggested for January, 1935, is to bring about a revival of the practice of family prayer in the homes of the Saints.

Teaching in the Home

SOME Things Necessary: Among those duties are:

To pray in secret, and with the companion appointed to labor with you.

To get acquainted with those assigned to your watchcare.

To visit each family at least once a month, carrying the bishop's message, and giving such further advice, exhortation, counsel and comfort as the spirit shall give you utterance.

Be where most needed in case of sickness, trouble or death among your little flock.

If assistance of a temporal nature is required, make requisition and report fully the circumstances calling for it.

Attendance at the monthly meetings of ward teachers to ascertain what is wanted by the bishopric under whom this work is done, and to make such report as shall be called for.

To get imbued with the message to the ward, the topic for the month, and study the scriptures, to be able to properly carry and teach it.

Make full and prompt written report of your activities and failures.

Additional Suggestions for Ward Teachers

(From Discourses of Brigham Young)

WHEN you get up in the morning, before you suffer yourselves to eat one mouthful of food, call your wife and children together, bow down before the Lord, ask him to forgive your sins, and protect you through the day, to preserve you from temptation and all evil, to guide your steps aright, that you may do something that day that shall be beneficial to the Kingdom of God on the earth. Have you time to do this? Elders, sisters, have you time to pray? 15:36.

Say your prayers always before going to work. Never forget that. A father—the head of the family—should never miss calling his family together and dedicating himself and them to the Lord of Hosts, asking the guidance and direction of His Holy Spirit to lead them through the day—that very day. Lead us this day, guide us this day, preserve us this day, save us from sinning against thee or any being in heaven or on earth this day! If we do this every day, the last day we live we will be prepared to enjoy a higher glory. 12:261.

We may say that our work drives us and that we have not time to pray, hardly time to eat our breakfasts. Then let the breakfasts go, and pray; get down upon our knees and pray until we are filled with the spirit of peace. 10:174.

It matters not whether you or I feel like praying, when the time comes to pray, pray. If we do not feel like it, we should pray till we do. And if there is a heavy storm coming on and our hay is likely to be wet, let it come. You will find that those who wait till the Spirit bids them pray, will never pray much on this earth. Such people would come to meeting and look at each other and then when they had stayed as long as they felt inclined, address their brethren with—"Goodbye, I am going home," and then leave. But when the time comes to have prayers, let them be made, and there will be no danger. 13:155.

There are times and places when all should vocally repeat the words spoken, but in our prayer meetings and in our family circles let every heart be united with the one who takes the lead by being mouth before the Lord, and let every person mentally repeat the prayers, and all unite in whatever is asked for, and the Lord will not withhold, but will give to such persons the things which they ask for and rightly need. 3:53.

If I could not master my mouth, I would my knees, and make them bend until my mouth would speak. "But the cattle are in the corn." Let them eat; you can attend to them when you have finished praying. Let the will of man be brought into subjection to the law of Christ—to all the ordinances of the house of God. What, in his darkness and depression? Yes; for that is the time to prove whether one is a friend of God, that the confidence of the Almighty may increase in His Son. We should so live that our confidence and faith may increase in Him. We must go further than that. Let us so live that the faith and confidence of our Heavenly Father may increase towards us, until He shall know that we will be true to Him under any and all circumstances and at all times. When in our darkness and temptation we are found faithful to our duty, that increases the confidence of our God in us. He sees that we will be His servants. 7:164.

If the Devil says you cannot pray when you are angry, tell him it is none of his business, and pray until that species of insanity is dispelled and serenity is restored to the mind. 10:175.

(*Continued on page 749*)

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

1. One Million Assignments to be filled by Aaronic Priesthood Members in 1935. Every ward to do its share.

2. Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood to fill one or more assignments during the year.

3. A campaign of clean living to be conducted in all Aaronic Priesthood quorums throughout the year. This will include clean thoughts, speech, actions, clean bodies and clean living in every respect.

Three-Point Program Gets Under Way January First

ONE of the most definite and important steps in planning for progress is a definite objective—an aim—a mark to shoot at. The Aaronic Priesthood is to have a three-point program as its objective for 1935. This program covers all phases of quorum activity and in addition includes special missionary activity and educational objectives.

The first objective centers about *activity*. The aim is to have members of the Church holding the Aaronic Priesthood fill one million assignments as quorum members in 1935.

The second objective is *missionary* work. The aim is to induce every person in the Church holding the Aaronic Priesthood to fill at least one assignment during the year—to do at least one thing for the Church as a quorum member.

The third objective is *educational*—to teach clean living, clean thoughts, clean speech, clean actions, clean bodies—all phases of clean living.

To fill one million assignments in 1935 will mean an increase of approximately fifty percent. But it can be done. It is only a fraction of the assignments that would be filled if each member of the quorums would meet one-fourth of the standard set which is one assignment each week for every quorum member. One ward alone last year filled nearly 11,000 assignments. We should begin to organize immediately to be ready for January 1st with every ward ready to do its full share.

To induce every member of the Aaronic Priesthood to fill one or more assignments will require efficient organization and planning and kindly, persistent follow-up. But it is very much worth while. It is the duty of every quorum to look after its members. This should be the first step in securing regular Church activity.

To meet the serious situation facing our young people quorum supervisors should take advantage of every opportunity to teach high standards, Church ideals and proper living. Clean living—clean thoughts, clean speech, clean actions, clean bodies and other phases of clean living—embodies most of the teachings of Church ideals. If we can implant in the hearts of our young men this fine, wholesome standard of cleanliness, in all that it implies, we should not have many other things to worry about. At least it is one of the important phases of Church teaching, including as it does morality, chastity, Word of Wisdom, abstaining from profanity, etc.

Here is a definite program of objectives for every quorum. Here is a definite opportunity for every supervisor to make Priesthood quorum activity express itself in the life of every member. Now is the time to begin to prepare for its successful application in every ward in the Church.

New Aaronic Priesthood Report System Now Functioning

THE new Aaronic Priesthood report system which has been developed after months of study and consideration is now in effect. Report books have been sent to all stakes covering the balance of 1934 and all of 1935. The reports are in triplicate, providing a copy for the bishopric and the Aaronic Priesthood committee in the ward and for the stake presidency and the stake committee in the stake. The third copy in each case remains in the book for permanent record.

The ward report is to be made by the ward Aaronic Priesthood committee with the chairman responsible for seeing that it is done. The stake report is to be made by the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee with the responsibility resting upon the chairman. Stake and ward clerks are not responsible for making the reports although their cooperation is necessary in compiling the section covering Aaronic Priesthood correlation committee activities. Complete detailed information and instructions with suggestions for securing the required information are printed in all books. The full scope of Aaronic Priesthood activities is covered in the one report which combines both the former Aaronic Priesthood quorum report and the Aaronic Priesthood correlation report. It also includes Adult Aaronic Priesthood activities.

Pioneer Adult Aaronic Priesthood Group Holds Second Anniversary Program

THE Adult Aaronic Priesthood class of the 28th Ward in Salt Lake Stake, the pioneer group of the Church in this activity, celebrated its second successful year with an anniversary program held recently. The group conducted the regular ward sacrament meeting, providing the entire program from members of the class. Some of the interesting "highlights" of the program and the results of the class are these:

This was the fourth sacrament meeting conducted by the group. The secretary who made the report has been a member of the Church only 18 months and is now a Priest. The class was organized September 18, 1932, with 5 members present. The present enrollment is 84. Only one regular weekly meeting has been missed in two years, which happened when Christmas day fell on Sunday. There have been 100 ordinations of Priests, Teachers and Decaons among members of the group. The class has been responsible for ten baptisms into the Church. Fourteen members of the group have been made Elders, one

of whom is now in the presidency of the Elders quorum. Three members are teachers in the Sunday School and one has been called to special work in the Aaronic Priesthood. Two members are now in the ward M. I. A. presidency and one is Scoutmaster. The group has given two parties, presented three one-act plays and conducted an outing excursion. A special entertainment was provided to assist the ward budget. Two supervisors and 20 members of the class cover 10 blocks in ward teaching and have had 100% records for five months. 30 members are doing active committee work. Four members of the group have performed baptisms.

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Lessons

Prepared by Elder George W. Skidmore, Adult Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, Logan Ninth Ward, Cache Stake

(Continued from November)

Lesson Twenty-Nine

1. Certain Sacrifices Discontinued through the Atonement of Christ.
2. The Last Supper.
3. Establishment of Sacrament in this Dispensation.
4. Words of Blessing of Sacrament revealed in Book of Mormon and in Doctrine and Covenants.
5. Parts of the Ordinance—Breaking Bread—Pouring water—Blessing—Passing.
6. In Remembrance of What?
7. Frequency.
8. Who may officiate.
9. Who may Partake.
10. Blessings or Condemnations on Part of those who Partake.
11. How the Ordinance is misunderstood and perverted.
12. Encourage members of the class to attend Sacrament Meetings.

References

Articles of Faith by Talmage, Lecture 9, pages 175 to 183, with all Scriptural References contained therein. Compendium, pages 182 to 183.

Lesson Thirty

1. Review of Lessons Twenty-six, Twenty-seven, Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine.
2. A short talk by a member of the class on the First Principles of the Gospel.

(See to it that members of the class take part in the review. They have heard it all before in the class. Because of lack of preparation members cannot take much part when the various lessons are first presented. These review lessons are especially intended for active participation on the part of the members. Do not allow the aids to monopolize the time.)

Lesson Thirty-One

1. Read the Word of Wisdom in Full.
2. Given by Revelation.
3. For all Saints.
4. A Principle with Promise.
5. Why given. Evils and Designs in the Hearts of conspiring men.
6. Strong Drink.
7. Tobacco.
8. Hot Drinks.
9. Meat sparingly and in Famine and Cold.
10. Herbs and Grains.
11. The Promises—Health—Wisdom—Great Treasures—Run and not Weary—Walk and not Faint—Destroying Angel to Pass by.

(By this time the members of the class will be willing to listen to the Word of Wisdom.)

References

Doc. and Cov., Sec. 89. Refer to Daniel and his three associates abstaining from rich foods and eating pulse.

Lesson Thirty-Two

1. Tithes Paid by Abraham and Jacob.
2. Tithes in the Time of Moses.
3. Israel Brought Tithes of all Things.
4. Malachi Taught Tithing.
5. Section 119, Doctrine and Covenants.
6. Covenant of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery on Tithing.
7. They who Pay Tithing shall not be burned.
8. Soul Happiness and Satisfaction comes to them who pay Tithing.
9. Set the example and Teach Tithing to your children.

(Lesson on Tithing has been purposely withheld until now.)

References

Gen. 14:20; 28:22; Deut. 14:22, 23; II Chron. 31:5, 6; Malachi 3:8. Doc. and Cov., Sec 119; Journal of Discourses, Vol. I, page 51; Doc. and Cov., Sec. 64:23, 24. Hist. of Church, Vol. 2, pages 174, 175; Vol. 4, page 440. Gospel Doctrine, Chapter 13, pages 282 to 299.

(*To be Continued*)

Joseph Smith's Own Story

Extracts from his History Written in 1838

(Continued from November)

"42. Again, he told me that when I got those plates of which he had spoken—for the time that they should be obtained was not yet fulfilled—I should not show them to any person; neither the breastplate with the Urim and Thummim; only to those to whom I should be commanded to show them; if I did I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew the place again when I visited it.

"43. After this communication, I saw the light in the room begin to gather immediately around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so, until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended till he entirely disappeared, and the room was left as it had been before this heavenly light had made its appearance.

"44. I lay musing on the singularity of the scene, and marveling greatly at what had been told to me by this extraordinary messenger; when, in the midst of my meditation, I suddenly discovered that my room was again beginning to get lighted, and in an instant, as it were, the same heavenly messenger was again by my bedside.

"45. He commenced, and again related the very same things which he had done at his first visit, without the least variation; which having done, he informed me of the great desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence, and that these grievous judgments would come on the earth in this generation. Having related these things, he again ascended as he had done before.

"46. By this time, so deep were the impressions made on my mind, that sleep had fled from my eyes, and I lay overwhelmed in astonishment at what I had both seen and heard. But what was my surprise when again I beheld the same messenger at my bedside, and heard him rehearse or repeat over again to me the same things as before; and added a caution to me telling me that Satan would try to tempt me (in consequence of the indigent circumstances of my father's family), to get the plates for the purpose of getting rich. This he forbade me, saying that I must have no other object in view in getting the plates but to glorify God, and must not be influenced by any other motive than that of building His kingdom; otherwise I could not get them.

"47. After this third visit, he again ascended into heaven as before, and I was again left to ponder on the strangeness of what I had just experienced; when almost immediately after the heavenly messenger had ascended from me for the third time, the cock crowed, and I found that day was approaching, so that our interviews must have occupied the whole of the night.

(*To be Continued*)

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

Music Program

THE following is the list of mixed chorus music which was examined by the class in Conducting by Noble Cain which convened the week following the last June Conference. It is suggested that this list be thoroughly perused and that desirable numbers be chosen for mixed work to supplement other numbers which may have been chosen for the Stake Festival.

Name	*Composer*	*Publisher*	*No.*
Carol of the Russian Children	Harvey B. Gaul	G. Schirmer, Inc. (New York)	6770
Let Thy Blessed Spirit	Tschesnokoff, P.	J. Fischer & Bros. (New York)	4497
Open Our Eyes	Will C. McFarlane	G. Schirmer, Inc.	7273
Chorus of Homage	W. Gericks	Boston Music Co.	574
Song of the Winds	Ernest F. Hawks	Gamble Hinged Music Co.	1007
The Glory Train	Noble Cain	Raymond A. Hoffman Co.	48
Oh, Blest Are They	Tschaikowsky-Cain	Gamble Hinged Music Co. (Chicago)	3024
The Mocking Bird	American	Raymond A. Hoffman Co. (Chicago)	63
Ave Maria	Arcadelt	G. Schirmer, Inc.	5503
Hymn to the Trinity	A. Gretchaninoff	Raymond A. Hoffman Co.	11
I Sowed the Seeds of Love	G. T. Holst	Curwen, Inc.	61083
Music, When Soft Voices Die	Charles T. Herts	Gamble Hinged Music Co.	1025
In the Luxembourg Gardens	Manning-Riegger	G. Schirmer, Inc.	7583
Junior A Capella Chorus Book	O. Christiansen-Pitts	Oliver Ditson Co.	
A Capella Chorus Book	Dr. Christiansen-Cain	Oliver Ditson Co.	
Hoffman Choral Series	Noble Cain	Raymond A. Hoffman Co.	
The Red Book of Program Songs	Noble Cain	Hall & McCreary Co. (Chicago)	
Calm Be Thy Sleep	Noble Cain	Gamble Hinged Music Co.	972
Communion Service in A Minor	A. Gretchaninoff	Raymond A. Hoffman Co.	23
All in the April Evening	Tyman-Robertson	Curwen, Inc.	60976
O Savior, Burst the Heavenly Bound	Noble Cain	Musical Research Society (Chicago)	3025
Take, Oh! Thou Lips Away	Edward C. Moore	Gamble Hinged Music Co.	9
The Music of Life	Noble Cain	G. Schirmer, Inc.	7759

CORRECTION FOR MUSIC

G. Schirmer was given as publisher for "Turn You to Me" and "Grant Me True Courage Lord," and it should be E. C. Schirmer. These are in the ladies' list.

M. I. A. Conference in Holland

FROM across the sea comes an interesting report. "The Dutch M. I. A. annual conference was held in Rotterdam on June 7 to 11, with over a hundred and seventy young people attending and the contest finals being held in connection with the convention. The first evening marked the finals in debating for M Men and also finals in extemporaneous speaking for M Men. The session on the following afternoon was made especially interesting by the presence of Apostle and Mrs. Merrill who spoke to an audience of some four hundred people. On Saturday evening contests in singing for M Men, Gleaners and Bee-Hive Girls were held, as well as Bee-Hive retold story and Gleaner free-speech. On Sunday evening chorus finals were held, with marvelous demonstrations of musical ability and training. This meeting was the climax of the conference, the concluding event being the congregational singing of "Carry On," translated into Dutch; the attendance at this session exceeded five hundred.—*Dale Curtis.*

Hyrum Stake Social

PREPARATORY to their regular M. I. A. opening the Stake Boards of Hyrum Stake entertained the Stake Presidency, Bishops of Wards, all Ward M. I. A. officers and teachers and their partners at a lawn party in late August. The response and enjoyment indicated a successful and cooperative M. I. A. season, according to a report sent in by Annie N. Baker, Y. W. President.

Deseret Stake Institute

FOR the third consecutive season the Y. W. M. I. A. of Deseret Stake conducted a summer institute, dividing the Stake into three districts and holding meetings in all three places. A preview of the year's program—Manuals, Appreciation Courses and Activities—was given to one hundred forty-two ward officers. President Margaret Callister reports this year's institute as the most successful so far.

The Delta 1st Ward of the same stake entertained the retiring officers of last season at a party which they considered highly successful, a hot dinner being served to eighty-five people including the Bishopric and their wives, Stake Executive Officers and partners, and all officers of the Ward M. I. A. with their partners. Albert Black, describing the affair says: "A fine program of music and talks was given and the outgoing officers were presented with lovely gifts." An entirely new group of Y. W. workers was installed this season in this ward.

Conjoint Program For January

SEE M Men-Gleaner page for the January program.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY

Plays:

MANY inquiries have come to the M. I. A. General Board offices for suggested lists of plays from which to choose suitable material for use on the stage. A long list was published in the 1933-34 Supplement to the Activity Manual, and wards in which this Supplement is to be found will find it convenient to keep pages 53 to 80 for reference; copies may be obtained at the M. I. A. offices; the following is a brief list for those who have not the longer one.

ONE-ACT ROYALTY PLAYS.

THE MAKER OF DREAMS—by Aliphant Down. 2 M. 1 F.; Int. Pierrette and Pierrot find their love troubles smoothed away by the manufacture of dreams. *French.*

THE CLOD—by Lewis Beach. 4 M. 1 F.; Int. One of the most effective one-act plays written. *French.*

THE FINGER OF GOD—Wilde. 2 M. 1 F. A strong play with a moral touch. *Baker.*

SAM AVERAGE—Mackaye. 3 M. 1 F. An entrenchment setting, early Revolution. Dramatic. *Baker.*

SPREADING THE NEWS—By Lady Gregory. 7 M. 3 F. Scene the outskirts of a fair. Irish Comedy. An exaggerated story gets round that murder has been committed. Laughable situations result. *French.*

MISS CIVILIZATION—Comedy in one-act, by Richard Harding Davis. 4 M. 1 F. One int. Time 30 minutes. Modern. Two burglars break into the house of a millionaire. Miss Civilization, a modern girl, contrives to amuse them until the police come and capture them. *French.*

THE HOUR GLASS—W. B. Yates. 4 M. 2 F. 2 Children. Excellent allegory. *French.*

EMBERS—George Middleton. 6 M. 2 F.; int. A drama showing the influence of a woman on a famous man, and how he in turn was able to save her only son from destruction. *French.*

YOUNG AMERICA—Ballard and Franklin. 4 M. 1 F.; 1 int. A court scene in which a woman wins her point and the custody of a delinquent boy and his dog. Very effective. *French.*

PRINTER'S INK—By Orene Simmons. 5 M. 1 F. Interior of a newspaper office. A strong serious comedy of what must go into print no matter whom it affects. *Row, Peterson Co.*

THE BRACELET—Alfred Sutro. 3 M. 5 F.; Int. Serious drama of modern society. *French.*

$2,000 CASH—By Nathan Chatterton. 2 M. 2 F. Story showing a struggle for existence in a big city. A young married couple have had a run of bad luck. The sister, through her fiance, gets a run of good luck. An interesting story, dramatically told. *Baker.*

THE VALIANT—By Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemas. 5 M. 1 F. Dramatic story of a boy who shields his identity to save his mother. *French.*

ONE-ACT PLAYS—NON-ROYALTY

BIRDS OF A FEATHER—Brandley. Domestic Comedy. 2 M. 2 F. A sketch which proves that nothing else matters when the right man comes along. Pub. by *M. I. A.*

NOT QUITE SUCH A GOOSE—Comedy. 2 M. 3 F.; 1 Int. Albert despises girls. But a remarkable change comes over him when his sister's friend appears on the scene. Characterization is good, dialogue bright and natural. *Baker.*

THE WEDDING PRESENTS—William Carson. Comedy. 2 M. 1 F.; 1 Int. The thank-you letters of a recently married couple bring about complications when it is discovered the list has been lost. Who sent what provides the entertainment. *Baker.*

EVENING DRESS—W. D. Howells. 2 M. 3 F.; 1 Int.; Farce. One of the simplest and most amiable of the Howells farces. *French.*

EARLY FROST—By Henry Bailey Stevens. 1 M. 2 F.; kitchen interior. A play of courage and fortitude, showing a farmer and his family when beset by cares. Good enough to grace any bill of one-acters. *Baker.*

THE WHOLE TRUTH—Comedy, by L. B. West. 2 M. 9 F.; Int. A girl undertakes to tell the exact truth for a single day and finds her waterloo very early in the day. *Baker.*

ELMER—By Beatrice H. McNeil. 3 M. 6 F.; Int. He's of that awful age—the age of adolescence. You'll get many a laugh from his lines, sympathize with his youthful ideas, and you'll grow awfully fond of him before the play is over. A family play. *Baker.*

MOTHER PULLS THE STRINGS—Lilian Stoll. 3 M. 3 F. Rural comedy. *H. R. Hillener & Co., Atchison, Kansas.*

THREE-ACT PLAYS, NON-ROYALTY

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY—by Orrin E. Wilkins. 10 M 6 F.; 2 Ints. Bob Kendrick, college athlete and popular man runs for the office of district attorney as a part of a political trick. Interesting complications arise. *Baker.*

A SCRAP OF PAPER—Adapted from Sardou. 6 M. 6 F.; Int. The mischievous scrap of paper brings about an interesting series of complications which ends in outbursts of merriment. *French.*

THE COLONEL'S MAID—By C. L. Dalrymple. 6 M. 3 F.; 2 Ints. In order to overcome a father's prejudice against his fiance, the daughter of an old rival, Bob has her enter the house as a maid. An interesting situation with an interesting climax. *Baker.*

MR. BOB—By Rachel E. Barker. 3 M. 4 F. Mistaken identity that whirls the characters about in funny situations. One of the best selling plays published. *Baker.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—Oscar Wilde. 5 M. 4 F.; 2 Ints. 1 Ext. Complications resulting from Jack Worthing, in order to escape from social surroundings, invents a brother. A very laughable farce results. *Baker.*

HIGBEE OF HARVARD—By C. Townsend. 5 M. 4 F.; 2 Ints. 1 Ext. Somewhat on the order of "Our Boys" but is absolutely American, and contrasts the culture of the East with the rough vigor of the mining and cattle regions of the far West. *Baker.*

THREE-ACT PLAYS, ROYALTY

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE—Chas. Rann Kennedy. 5 M. 2 F. This is a modern morality play in which the spirit of Christ is brought to bear on a number of modern characters. *French.*

YOU AND I—Philip Barry. 4 M. 3 F.; 2 Int. A modern comedy built upon a theme of a father being discouraged with life because he has not realized his boyish ambition. His son, about to throw away his chances to develop the gift within him, is saved through an interesting development of the situation. *French.*

THE PATSY—Barry Coners. 3 M. 3 F.; 1 Int. The story concerns a girl who runs second to her older sister. She is the one to blame whenever anything goes wrong. But there is triumph for Patsy which brings about her happiness as the bride of the man she loves. *Baker.*

SKIDDING—Aurania Rouverol. 5 M. 5 F.; Int. A fresh, sincere picture of American family life. Humor is blended with pathos, and a deliciously garnished philosophy makes Skidding a more significant than the average comedy. *French.*

THREE WISE FOOLS—Austin Strong. 11 M. 2 F.; Int. Into the lives of a judge, a physician, and a financier, comes the daughter of a woman all three loved in earlier years. A play that blends the elements of laughter and tears and suspense. *French.*

THE MAN OF THE HOUR—George Broadhurst. 13 M. 3 F.; Ints. In this famous play Mr. Broadhurst has mixed love and politics in an absorbing manner. *French.*

THE RAINBOW—A. E. Thomas. 7 M. 6 F.; 2 Ints. 1 Ext. Tells a moving story of the love of a father for his little daughter, and their separation and the reunion. French.

UNDER COVER—By Roi Cooper Megrue. 8 M. 5 F. This play has been a great success with amateurs. The story carries the play. It's an exciting and ingenous play dealing with evasion of duties on articles brought into America. *French.*

THE FIRST YEAR—Frank Craven. 5 M. 4 F.; 2 Int. Here is a comedy which is so very human that it makes entertainment of the highest sort. *The first year* has to do with the first year of married life. Tommy is prosaic and practical; Grace thinks she has outgrown the small town of her birth. *French.*

TURN TO THE RIGHT—Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. 9 M. 5 F.; 1 Ext. 2 Ints. Full of excellent comedy and with a lesson of brotherhood. *French.*

MAN FROM HOME—Tarkington and Wilson. 6 M. 6 F. Fine American comedy.

WHITE COLLARS—Edith Ellis. 5 M. 4 F.; 3 Ints. The play concerns a young millionaire and his bride of the "White Collar" class. *French.*

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—George M. Cohan. 9 M. 4 F. A melodramatic

(*Continued on page 752*)

ERA AND PUBLICITY

As of November 12

SEVEN stakes are over the top; twenty-three have gone beyond the fifty per cent mark; and all of them have shown some activity. A number of stakes which were near the bottom in April last spring are now near the top and still struggling up toward their quotas.

Several other stakes are near their quota and will, no doubt, go over the top by next month, and quite a large percentage will be able to collect a rebate on a seventy-five per cent record.

The prize winners will not be known for some time to come although several stakes have indicated that they are out to collect the money on April 15.

The standing of the stakes follows:

Record of the Standing of Stakes According to Percentage of Quota

1.	Montpelier	128
2.	Maricopa	114
3.	Snowflake	114
4.	Union	113
5.	Twin Falls	110
6.	Curlew	102
7.	Idaho Falls	102
8.	Moapa	99
9.	Bear Lake	95
10.	Zion Park	89

Ten Leading Stakes Which Have Turned in the Highest Number of Subscriptions

1.	Idaho Falls	556
2.	Maricopa	467
3.	Montpelier	378
4.	Snowflake	313
5.	Salt Lake	294
6.	St. Joseph	291
7.	Bear Lake	280
8.	Mt. Ogden	263
9.	Hollywood	262
10.	Moapa	253

This Gentleman Liked the "Era"

Klamath Falls, Oregon
Box 14,
Oct. 21, 1934.

Dear Editor:

WHILE stopping over at Salt Lake when passing through, a kindly lady gave me two back number issues of *The Improvement Era.* I enjoyed it very much.

Am inclosing 40c in coin for July and September issues.

I would like to subscribe for a year but as I'm traveling from one place to another, the most convenient way is by the copy.

Since reading those I now have in my possession I have a different concept of the human and social sides of life. Honestly, the lady did me a favor when she gave me one of *The Improvement Eras.*

Oct. 30, 1934,
Rexburg, Idaho,
221 So. 2nd West.

Brethren:

WE are happy in our work and find it a real pleasure to spread the gospel of so splendid a cause as the *Era.*

Our people need, and appreciate the sunshine of life that comes through your columns.

Even though we were called into this work at a late hour, we feel the drive is at least one-half won.

Will you kindly send me 25 receipt books.

Wishing you continued success in your splendid work, joy in your effort and peace in your heart, we are,

Very Sincerely,
(Signed) Vivian Ricks,
Carl J. Johnson,
Stake Directors.

Testimonial

Dear Sir:

I AM attaching $2.00 for the *Era.* We just can't do without it. It is a part of life itself. I cannot estimate its value in my home. For every member of the family looks forward to its coming with eagerness and delight.

The April Number

THE one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times will be celebrated by "The Improvement Era" in its April issue. We are preparing for that occasion a most complete recapitulation of the history of the Church, in brief. We expect to publish the pictures of the general authorities of the Church from the beginning where pictures are available and in other ways to make the number one of outstanding importance. Subscribers will receive it, of course, as one of the regular issues.

When I read the first article in the September issue I felt it was the best investment I had ever made. That article is but typical of many others, and who can estimate their value? The influence on the lives of young and old, in times yet future will be the governing factor.

I wish you all the success in the world in such a worthy venture.

Your brother in a great cause,
A. H. Peterson,
Cowley, Wyoming.

We Can't Resist Passing On This Letter

Snowflake, Arizona.
October 17, 1934.

Dear Elder Ballard:

WE are pleased to say that the Snowflake Stake commenced its *Era* drive October 14th at 6 a. m., and every ward in the stake was over the top in 4 hours.

Winslow, time 2 hours, quota 20, subscriptions 22; Holbrook true to form cut their time to 3 minutes, last year it was 30 minutes, quota 13, subscriptions 17; Joseph City, time 15 minutes, quota 28, subscriptions 38, also very remarkable in point of time and number. Woodruff, time 2 hours, quota 18, subscriptions 18, Snowflake, time 4 hours, quota 71, subscriptions 71. Taylor, time 1 hour, quota 33, subscriptions 34. Much of theirs was produce. Shumway, time 2 hours, quota 7, subscriptions 13. There was only one more family to see and they were absent. Pinedale, time 1 hour, quota 11, subscriptions 14. Clay Springs, time 3 hours, quota 10, subscriptions 12. Showlow, time 4 hours, quota 28, subscriptions 31. Lakeside, time 2 hours, quota 31, subscriptions 31. Heber Branch, time 4 minutes, quota 6, subscriptions 9. One behind Holbrook. Those two communities were organized for speed as also was Joseph City.

Eight of the wards handled $250.00 worth of produce and converted it into cash. It was a wonderful success.

The quota for the Snowflake Stake was 276; we got 310 subscriptions, $620.00 collected in 4 hours. It is 300 miles from one end of the stake to the other.

May the Lord bless the cause of *The Improvement Era.*

Martin D. Bushman,
Vilda Fillerup,
Stake *Era* Directors.

READ "A GUIDE TO CIVILIZED LOAFING"

ADULTS

LEARN TO LIVE JOYOUSLY

"What is excellent as God lives is permanent."—Stevenson.

Appreciation Courses

A SCULPTOR, Lorado Taft, finds the study of leisure-time most absorbing, and after years of it he made the statement: "Vital are the leisure hours; in them we *win*, or *lose*, eternity." Another student of human nature says that it takes the hardest kind of work to teach adults to play, for their attitude of mind makes them inflexible toward it. From *Recreation* we borrow the following thought of Howard Braucher: "Play is the serious business of childhood. The play of a little child is the most serious thing in all the world. Play is a part of a great whole. Play builds the cathedral of life. Play gives meaning to the world. The play-leader helps to build a world in which no longer is living always postponed until a future time that never comes; in which child and man alike are not afraid to live in the present; in which the present has at least equal value with the future; in which life itself is exalted; in which the end—growth, fulfilment, abundant living, is exalted beyond any of the parts that go to make up the whole. "Only a play leader! The hope of the future lies in the preservation of childhood, in winning grown people to the wisdom and simplicity of children. 'Except ye become as little children, ye do not enter the kingdom of life'."

Overstreet in *The Enduring Quest* tells us that beauty is enduring fitness; that goodness is the beauty of fitting together in behavior. "Within our human experience beauty is a triumph, for chaos has been banished and a vital integration achieved. . . With this realization, new significance can be given to the arts. Music with its integration, rhythmic flow, harmony, is the way we should like life to be. When we hear it or create it, we are achieving unity of experience; for a moment living in the wholeness of design. That is why music is a civilizer.

"Arts—music, poetry, sculpture, dancing, literature—are not idle additions to life—they are ways of life themselves. When one stands before a noble structure or responds to music, he is living just as truly, and more fully, perhaps, than when he does the necessary routine things. . . Life is what takes place in one! When we listen to a symphony or see a drama, we are living a life; when we read a poem which affects us deeply, we are doing likewise. And by far the most significant fact is that in the music or drama or poem we are living life on the level of beauty—the level on which life becomes in profound measure a vital unity. Beauty is as essential to life as anything else life needs. Without it we can live, as animals or mediocre human beings, but with beauty we enter into those triumphant integrations that are life at its highest."

In view of such progressive thinking as the above quotations suggest, is it not highly fitting that Latter-day Saint adults who claim to seek after "everything virtuous and lovely and of good report and praiseworthy" should turn their attention to the pursuits in which loveliness is to be found in abundance?

Dr. Richard Cabot in *What Men Live By* tries to analyze the things necessary for complete living, and concludes that four things are essential: work, play, love and worship. Latter-day Saints always have known work; always have believed in love; always have practised worship; can they not with conscientious sincerity look toward further education in the line of play? The word "play" suggests to some mere babyish amusement, but common usage of the term has dignified it to mean all forms of selected activity for leisure time; and implication adds that play activities are constructive.

If adults in the Church are to lead youth, to win their love and confidence, to inspire their emulation, they must learn to share with youth the joyousness of recreational ways and time. The Appreciation courses are offered as a help to those who wish to give to their boys and girls what intelligent parents and leaders should give—guiding friendships. For those who wish truly to succeed in creating adult interest in the Appreciation courses, we suggest that they remember the statement that "to approach any human pursuit with fear is to invite inevitable defeat." Reversing this, to approach a pursuit with confidence and belief is to invite certain success.

The study of "Hobbies" seems to be one of the favorites among Adult groups. For their benefit the following suggestions are offered:

HOBBIES

Definitions.

A subject or plan to which one is constantly reverting; a favorite and ever recurring subject of discourse, thought or effort; a topic, theme or the like occupying one's best attention or interest.

Something in which one takes an extravagant interest.

Something one has always wanted to do if he had leisure time; usually entirely apart from his vocation.

Importance.

Hobbies are often prescribed by physicians, and in many cases are more effective than medicine for the relief of ailments.

One will live longer if he has a hobby, for a good hobby contributes to one's well being and adds tremendously to one's happiness.

There is no better way of expressing oneself than through the good offices of a creative hobby.

Do You Have Leisure Time? Be Sure You Recognize it When You See it.

The government says we have 41 hours unassigned after we have taken out 40 hours a week for work, 10 hours going to and from work, 77 hours for sleep, meals, personal care such as dressing, shaving, brushing our teeth, bathing, having a permanent wave or a manicure, etc., etc. This finding of the government may not fit you, but a careful survey of your week and its duties will disclose many hours each week of what might properly be called leisure time.

What To Do With Leisure Time.

When you have discovered just what leisure time you have, then carefully consider what you would like to do with it. Do you prefer to have it where it now is, or would you prefer to have it in bigger blocks at another time of the day. A little thought in arranging your work will block your time so you can use it to better advantage. After you have taken these steps, then do the thing you most want to do and will find the greatest enjoyment in doing.

President Ivins was a great hobbyist —on a recent fishing trip with him his associates found him just as interested in mineralogical study, preparing a meal over campfire, pitching a tent, making a bed, studying an ant colony, or working a crossword puzzle—as fishing.

SENIORS

A Place Where Dreams Come True

ALMOST everywhere, except in some unhappy places in our cities, we see an order of beauty about our lawns, gardens, shrubs, flowers and trees. As a part of the attractiveness of our complete modern garden, there is also the well-kept fruit and vegetable garden. The growing influence of landscaping has helped to make this real garden almost essential to every home.

A few years ago this kind of improvement was rather exclusive, and confined chiefly to homes of the well-to-do. It is true that our fathers and mothers of a generation ago loved to work among their flowers and shrubs, and gave colorful beauty to their dooryards with annuals, rose bushes, lilacs, lilies, purple iris and the deep red peony used so profusely on Decoration Day. Then, gardening as a hobby was the privilege of a comparatively few people; now, many point with pride to their garden where they find diversion and pleasure in working with their own hands. Gardening as a pastime has real moral value. It is employment so wholesome that it is both work and play with the prospect of reward in the future.

How can one take a few seeds, like delphiniums, plant them, cultivate them, stand in their living presence while they are bursting into the bloom of all their heavenly charm, without feeling that something of their celestial beauty is stealing over his own spirit! The planting of a tree holds a spell of expectant glory over the soul of the planter. Let him plant a group of ash and maple trees and care for them, shaping them and watching them grow into the grace of their sturdy strength and symmetry, each autumn taking on their glorious colors of mingled wine and gold, and he will feel that for the deed he did in planting and for the culture he gave those growing, friendly trees through the years, he himself is a better, stronger man.

In most of our homes, flowers constantly appear on the dining room table. While the food on the vegetable plate satisfies our hunger, the flowers feed us, too. They add something of real value and refining taste to the family hour around the table. Cheerful tulips, elegant, graceful daffodils or queenly gladioli in the living room give a touch all their own to home life.

MY wife and I are enjoying teaching in the Senior Class in our ward Mutual. One of the activities selected by the group to work on during the year is 'Hobbies.'

"As an opener to the subject, I wrote the enclosed little article entitled, "A Place Where Dreams Come True." It expresses my feelings regarding my hobby—gardening.

"Very truly yours,
"J. C. Hogensen."

As the garden lover lingers among his growing plants, pulling a weed here and there that has intruded, as he stirs the living soil with his hoe or rake and waters the plants as they unfold their leafy branches and buds at his touch, he sees his dream come true.

Spring, summer, and fall come marching on, each bearing promised gifts peculiar to the season. In his reverie, sunshine warms the air, snow melts away, the song bird sings its melodious song, the meadow lark and the bluebird call in the distance with clear warbling notes, the flowers lift their heads from leafy beds. New rains fall and the fruit of the seasons spring from the earth as the gardener awakes from his vision.

Selecting his seed with care he feels that he must supply his table with fresh, crisp, delicious vegetables and his garden and home with delightful colors. The picture must be his own dream come true—his own home grounds, reveal the man himself, his thoughts, his dreams, his plans, his acts. The framework of his picture is set in the trees and shrubs he has planted—some tall, some low. He fills in his picture with shifting smaller scenes and changing color tones from year to year and throughout the seasons of each year.

Then there are the perennials for the garden. In growing his own plants from the choicest strains of seed, the real gardener finds happy surprises spring forth from the ground. There is the purple-blue of aubrietia and the gold of saxatile. There are varied hues of pink, white, yellow, lavendar, and rose of the long-spurred columbines and painted daisies clustered together in fairly-like masses. There is the brilliant blue of anchusa, with dignified Shasta Daisies and lemon lilies. Waves of coreopsis and towering, sweet-tones Canterbury bells appear. Then the queenly foxgloves dressed in colors fit to associate with royal delphiniums of the exquisite tints of the sky. While filling in the picture, the gardener will plant and cultivate with patient insight, guarding against all enemies of his growing, friendly flowers.

The gardener falls in love with his place. In its enchanting beauty he has discovered the possibilities of his garden. He is sure now that dreams come true and that paradise can be created anew. Because through the years he has cultivated a deeper acquaintance with the beautiful as associated with the place he calls home, he feels that he has a stronger rightful footing upon that little piece of earth he calls his own; and he is in love with it all.

Children of the soil are also children of toil. Seeds never come to birth, unless they are sown in the earth. Till some kindly hand releases them, they can never implant their tiny feet in the sweet, warm earth, and shine forth in their free loveliness. But cast a handful of pansy seed upon the earth and some day a thousand little faces will be lifted cheerfully to greet you. New faces never known or seen before, will step forth at the gardener's call, for he knows how to create new kinds of varieties. He works with forces that are concrete and tangible, but cosmic and creative as well. He shares in the miracle of growth, for the garden in which he labors is his laboratory—and God's.—*J. C. Hogensen.*

Greetings

IN the name of that Young Man of Senior age whose birthday this month we celebrate, we send greetings to all Seniors in all the world.

We trust that many groups of Seniors will find opportunity to visit with each other; to dance and sing and eat in all good nature. Christmas should be a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

During those long winter evenings when it is cold without but warm within, all of us will have the opportunity to visit strange lands, new people, interesting places through books. Those evenings will be made brighter by visits with President J. Golden Kimball. Then, of course, don't forget *The Improvement Era* and other current magazines.

Seniors, with all our hearts we wish you joy.—*Senior Committee of the General Board.*

M MEN-GLEANERS

LEADERSHIP is an outstanding challenge to the youth of the Church; one of the important reasons for the organization of the M Men and Gleaner department in the Mutual Improvement Association was that an opportunity might be afforded for the development of that leadership which the church and civic affairs so constantly need.

In order to accomplish that it was thought advisable, at the time of their organization that the M Men and Gleaners, under the high ideals and objectives of the M. I. A., should be privileged to organize, officer and carry on the study work and of activities of these departments under competent adult supervision.

The right of self government and selection of leadership is sacred and should be carefully guarded for no organization is greater than its leadership. There is an old adage that, "An army of stags led by a lion is more formidable than an army of lions led by a stag." Having the right of selection, the organization, necessarily, must be responsible for its leadership and no M Men or Gleaner leadership is really worth while that does not conform to and live in harmony with the high ideals and objectives of the M. I. A.

A successful leader is one who is able to win the love, respect and confidence of those with whom he is called to work and thereby receive their devotion to and support of the cause he is sponsoring. Abraham Lincoln once said, "I have no other ambition so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." To be a successful leader one must not, necessarily, be a brilliant speaker or a wit—orators and wits are the exception. A great leader is rather one who like President Anthony W. Ivins, has the ability to win and hold the love and confidence of his fellows.

In the joint M Men and Gleaner work there must be, in order to secure success, complete harmony and understanding between the leaders of each group. The work to be done should be equally divided; the responsibilities should be equally shared, and the honors received equally apportioned.

On the first Tuesday of each month, when these groups meet jointly to consider the appreciation course selected, the privilege of presiding should be alternated between Gleaner and M Men leadership. This leadership, in connection with the community activity representative, is responsible for the program of the meeting, the appointments of those who are to participate and all other details incident to the meeting. All arrangements for the meeting should be completed before the commencement of class.

Leaders must realize that a test of true leadership lies in getting others to lead themselves. On the first Tuesday of every month, M Men and Gleaners are assuming the leadership of their groups. They have chosen some particular activity, one out of the nine offered by the M. I. A. and they need the help and guidance of Community Activity Committee members who are able to assist in their particular course. A real opportunity for members of this committee presents itself—to help M Men and Gleaners in the planning of their work, to guide them in their presentation, is the responsibility of the activity leader. It is a magnanimous and truly splendid character who can indirectly lead young people into the field of fine leadership without taking the limelight.

M Men and Gleaners should turn to the activity leader, ask for suggestions, use them and be grateful for the help offered.

Conjoint Program

TO M Men and Gleaner Girls has been given the privilege of conducting a conjoint program in the near future. Preparations and plans to have it the outstanding Sunday evening meeting of the year will of necessity be made early and well. This is to be the banner conjoint program! It can be done.

Select a committee on attendance. Make your goal, "Every seat filled." Appoint a reception committee to greet people and make them welcome. Plan on preliminary music to start at 6:20 p. m., and last, but certainly not least, make assignments and check on them. A rehearsal of all numbers should take place beforehand.

Here is your program M Men and Gleaners. Take it and use it—and here's to the finest youth program your ward has ever had.

If you can improve on this suggested program it is your privilege, but be sure it is an improvement.

1. Organ prelude.
2. Invocation—By a Gleaner.
3. "The Heavens Resound"—By M Men Chorus, Gleaner Chorus, or Congregation.
4. Greetings—President of Ward M. I. A. who will then turn the meeting over to the President of the M Men and Gleaner Organizations.
5. Address of Welcome and announcement of program—Ward M Men President.
6. "Come, Come Ye Saints"—Congregation.
7. Challenge to Youth—By two Adult Leaders of the Priesthood or Y. W. M. I. A. in the Ward or Stake (about 15 to 20 minutes each).
8. "True to the Faith" (or some other suitable musical number).
9. The Answer:
   "We Will Continue in His Word"—A Gleaner.
   "We will Build Latter-day Saint Homes and Communities"—A Gleaner.
   "We Will Carry the Torch"—An M Men.
   "By My Actions I Will Prove My Allegiance to the Church—An M Man.
   Note: All these speeches should be written and well prepared. The challenges to youth should be written first so that the M Man and Gleaner can meet these challenges with a definite answer. The answers should not occupy more than six minutes each.
10. "Carry On"—By the Chorus and Congregation.
11. Benediction—An M Man.

Ward Teaching

(*Continued from page 741*)

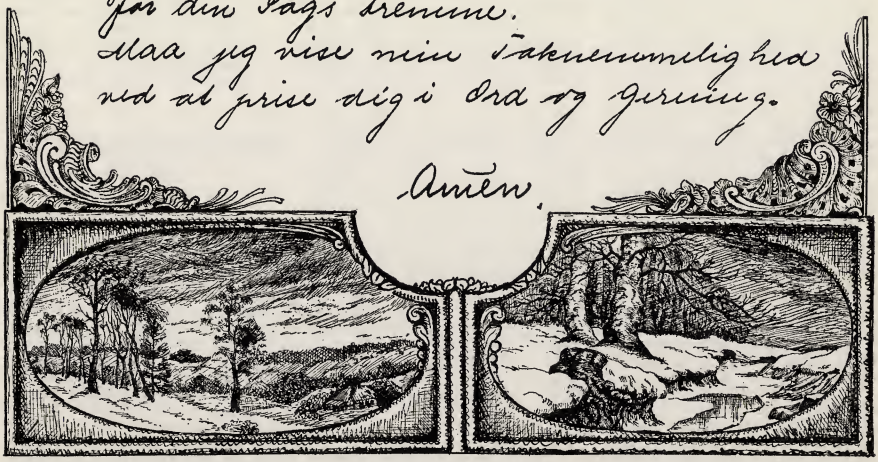
Let every Saint, when he prays, ask God for the things he needs to enable him to promote righteousness on the earth. If you do not know what to ask for, let me tell you how to pray. When you pray in secret with your families, if you do not know anything to ask for, submit yourselves to your Father in Heaven and beseech Him to guide you by the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, and to guide this people, and dictate the affairs of His Kingdom on the earth, and there leave it. Ask Him to put you just where He wants you, and to tell you what He wants you to do, and feel that you are on hand to do it. 6:43.

GLEANER GIRLS

Gleaner-Bönnen. 12·3·1932.

Fader, jeg takker dig
for Marker hvor jeg kan samle Korn.
For Hungeren som driver mig
til at samle det gyldne Korn.
For Hjem og Venner,
for Arbejde at gøre
og Styrke til at gøre det.
Hjælp mig at bruge mine Kræfter
i dine Tjeneste,
og at anvende mine Talenter
for din Sags Fremme.
Maa jeg vise min Taknemmelighed
ved at prise dig i Ord og Gerning.

Amen.



(See page 751 for explanation)

M MEN

Instructions for M Men

THE Master M Men work is now well organized and all plans completed for the first candidates. Blanks have been printed by the M Men Committee for applicants to fill out with a certification of requirements and the endorsement of the ward and stake M Men officials. These may be obtained by a written request to the M Men office at 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

This year it is expected that many applications will be received. These will all be considered by a select committee of the General Board to determine whether the applicant has completed all the requirements set out in the M Men Handbook and Guide. The excellence of the achievement in this program will be the principal consideration looked to by the committee. To receive the Master M Men Award will be the acme of a long devotion to the highest ideals of Mutual work. In such a program the committee have been cautioned to allow only those to receive the award who have been outstanding in the achievement of excellence.

We ask every reader to project his mind into the future to a time when sufficient numbers of young men in each stake have obtained the highest award and are organized into a Stake Master M Men Association. The membership of this group will be made up of those who have worked hard to excel and have been devoted to the life which "ought to be." They will be a fertile field from which to choose leaders and executives for the furtherance of the M. I. A. work. Such leaders trained in normal fields of human activity will be called on because of their experience to assist the community and civic organizations in providing better government and the teaching of loftier ideals.

These future Master M Men will be looked to for leadership, but their responsibility will not stop there. They will be called upon to be outstanding examples for the younger groups in the Church and State. Upon their record will rest many of the decisions in the future—the training of young men with vision and vigor for such a task is a high purpose indeed.

Our slogan is "Once an M Man always an M Man." For even though you may be past the age limit of 25 years you are still an M Man having the privilege of wearing our insignia and lending aid and encouragement to the work—likewise the acquisition of the Master M Men Award will stamp you a member of this organization as long as you live a clean, upright, Christian life.

Every week our organization is growing under the direction of the M Men officers in the stakes and wards. Soon the athletic program for the year will be under way with the inauguration of basketball. Try to draw in as many fellows as possible from outside the membership of the Church. Let them participate in your activity and learn of our high ideals and splendid works. "Seeing they will believe—and believing they will know of the divinity of the work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Some criticism has been received relative to the M Men at athletic practice concerning conduct in speaking to others and the destruction of the property of others. Much care should be taken in correcting this impression if it exists in your ward. We are all known as M Men—and as members of an organization. Let us not smirch the name of our group by any unseemly conduct. M Men are, as the name indicates, men in every sense of that word.

Organize your stake committee for conducting the basketball program and try to have your schedule ready early this year. Much care should be taken to obtain the best coach that the ward can get. Then forward to the biggest year in M Men sports.

Then too, it must never be forgotten that the M Men are part of a larger organization of the Church—the Mutual Improvement Association. Every assistance to further the whole program should be subscribed by every member of the M Men Organization.

Please write your problems and suggestions in to us. We will be ready and willing to do anything we can to aid you.

Sincerely,
Chas. J. Parkinson,
Church M Men President.

In order to clarify the new eligibility rule concerning the age limit for M Men Basketball players, be advised that it has been decided by the M Men committee of the General Board that the Basketball season will start November first and of course will continue until the close of the Church Final tournament.

In other words, a boy who becomes twenty-five October 30, or sooner, is ineligible for competition during this current season; but one whose twenty-fifth birthday comes on November first, or later, is eligible for competition.

Initiation of M Men

A SPLENDID ceremonial is provided in the M Men Handbook and Guide for the initiation of all M Men into the ward organization. In the reports coming in to the M Men Executive Office very few wards are using this initiation and yet no person can officially become an M Man until he has completed certain requirements listed in the Guide and become initiated. Then and then only, can the M Man wear the official M Men Pin. Please arrange to hold your initiation at once.

Gleaner Girls

(*Continued from page 750*)

WHEREVER there are Gleaners you will find "Treasures of Truth." From far off Denmark comes the lovely page shown here. It is from the book of Anna Holmquist, and is a sample of the interesting information, fine art work and excellent penmanship to be found throughout the book. Brother and Sister Holger M. Larsen brought the book home with them to show what Gleaners are doing in Denmark.

The following prayer of a Gleaner is what is so beautifully written on the page:

Father, I thank Thee for fields in which to glean;
For hunger that impels me to gather the golden grain;
For home and friends and work to do and strength to do it.
Help me to spend my strength in service:
To use my talents in Thy cause.
May I show my gratitude by serving Thee in word and deed.

* * *

THE reception given by the Liberty Stake Gleaner Committee for the Gleaners and their mothers was made colorful by the fall flowers used as decorations; made lovely by the musical selections given by the various wards; made social by the delightful spirit of love and cooperation. Other similar events are planned by the Liberty Stake Gleaner organization for the current season.

JUNIOR GIRLS

Manual Study

JOY IN THE OUT-OF-DOORS

DO we all see the beauties that surround us in the world of nature? Can we not acquaint ourselves with the charm of the open air; the white clouds that sail along the sky; the perfume of flowers upon the grassy bank of a babbling stream; the thrilling miracle of the dawn when the "sun awakens the sleeping earth;" the glory of a colorful sunset?

How can we walk out of doors without seeing things worthy of our attention?

Here is what Helen Keller, deaf and blind from childhood, says:

"Now and then I have tested my seeing friends to discover what they see. Recently I asked a friend who had just returned from a long walk in the woods, what she had observed, 'Nothing in particular,' she replied. How was it possible, I asked myself, to walk for an hour through the woods and see nothing worthy of note? I, who cannot see, find hundreds of things to feel in the delicate symmetry of a leaf. I pass my hands lovingly about the smooth skin of a silver birch or the rough shaggy bark of a pine. In Spring I touch the branches of trees hopefully in search of a bud the first sign of awakening Nature after her winter's sleep. Occasionally, if I am very fortunate, I place my hand gently on a small tree and feel the happy quiver of a bird in full song.

"At times my heart cries out in longing to see all these things. If I can get so much pleasure from mere touch, how much more beauty must be revealed by sight! . . .

"If you knew that you were about to be stricken blind, I am sure that you would use your eyes as never before. Everything that you saw would become dear to you. Your eyes would touch and embrace every object that came within your range of vision. Then, at last, you would really see, and a new world of beauty would open itself before you.

"I who am blind can give one hint to those who see: Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind. And the same method can be applied to the other senses. Hear the music of voices, the song of a bird, the mighty strains of an orchestra, as if you would be stricken deaf tomorrow. Touch each object as if tomorrow your tactile sense would fail. Smell the perfume of flowers, taste with relish each morsel as if tomorrow you could never smell and taste again. Make the most of every sense; glory in all the facets of pleasure and beauty which the world reveals to you through the several means of contact which Nature provides. But of all the senses I am sure that sight is the most delightful."

Many of our finest poets portrayed Nature in her simplicity and could see peace, calm and beauty in her. The girls might memorize the verses found in the lesson and add others such as the following by Tennyson:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The lessons this year lend themselves especially well to discussion by the girls. We hope you are using this method.

Good Reading

LITTLE time is allowed this year on Tuesday night for the Reading Course books. Realizing this, and that Juniors are kept busy with required school reading, we are supplementing the suggestions made in the Manual with the following list of short stories: *A Christmas Present for a Lady,* Myra Kelly; *The Sire de Maletroits's Door,* Robert Louis Stevenson; *Rappaccini's Daughter,* Nathaniel Hawthorne; *The Garden Party,* Katherine Mansfield; *The Ransom of Red Chief,* O'Henry: *Marse Chan,* Thomas Nelson Page; *How Whalebone Caused a Wedding,* Joel Chandler Harris. Occasionally one of these stories might be retold in part of the class time, and certainly they would be appropriate for Junior groups—having selected story-telling as their appreciation course.

Junior Songs

DO you know that there are three songs written especially for Juniors? If so, do you know them and sing them occasionally in your department on Tuesday night or when you meet together socially? They are to be found in the M. I. A. Song Book.

My Story

JUNIOR GIRLS, do you ever stop to consider what the Gospel has done for you? In hearing your parents and grandparents tell of the limited opportunities for gaining knowledge that were theirs does it ever occur to you how abundantly blest you are? Just stop sometimes and take an inventory of your really wonderful blessings. Educationally for instance—think about your privilege of attending fine schools, your access to good books, fine music and plays, etc.; the easy and cheap way of traveling from place to place and seeing beautiful scenery, great paintings; and even the radio by which you can listen to world renowned singers, actors, musicians, etc.

Take time to chat with these parents and grandparents occasionally and listen to their experiences. Write some of the most interesting ones down in your "My Story" book; especially keep the dates of the most important. If you neglect these golden opportunities you will regret it bitterly in coming years. Your interest in the life stories of these dear ones will make them happy and increase your happiness and help you also to love and appreciate the blessings that are yours through the Gospel. No particular evenings are designated for a study of "My Story" but leaders who are promoting this activity will find time in the regular manual-study periods to discuss it briefly. The work of making books will naturally be done out of M. I. A. time.

Community Activity

(*Continued from page 745*)

farce. One of the most thrilling plays of recent times. A medley of mystery, farce, and intrigue. *French.*

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH—Lewis Beach. 7 M. 6 F.; Int. This comedy portrays with great good humor and truth the effort of a modern family to adjust themselves to difficult circumstances. *French.*

ONE-ACT PLAYS FOR MALE CHARACTERS

IN THE ZONE—O'Neill. 8 Male. A thrilling, melodramatic episode laid in the forecastle of a tramp steamer, passing through the submarine zone during the war. *French.*

ONE-ACT PLAYS FOR WOMEN

JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN—Alice Brown. Very good character play. *French.*

FLUERETTE & CO.—2 F. Good drama. *Baker.*

ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHERS

Samuel French—811 W. 7th St., Los Angeles.

Baker—178 Fremont St., Boston, Mass.

Row-Peterson Co.—Evanston, Ill.

Dramatic Pub. Co.—542 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Dennison Co.—623 So. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

Eldredge Co.—829 16th St., Denver, Colorado.

VANGUARDS

Sea Scout Units in L. D. S. Groups

CONSIDERABLE interest is being manifested throughout the United States in programs for older boys in Scouting. The Vanguard program has been officially approved by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America for older boys of the L. D. S. Church. Frequent inquiries are received asking for the attitude of the General Board in connection with Sea Scouting which is also an officially approved program for older boys and is promoted by the National Council.

The attitude of the Vanguard committee is that Sea Scouting is a very attractive and educational program and can be heartily endorsed as a desirable activity for young men. There are many conditions, however, which should be given consideration before it is adopted by any M. I. A. group.

The first consideration is that the **Vanguard program**, which is the official program of the M. I. A. for older boys should not be discarded in favor of any other program. If any ward group desires to organize Sea Scouting in addition to the Vanguard troop such action will be approved if there are sufficient members for both groups and if the following considerations are met: (a) Where the Local Council has a Sea Scout committee to promote and stimulate it and has a Sea Scout Commissioner to assist in guiding local leadership and provide leadership training courses in Sea Scouting. (b) Where the District Committee sanctions the organization of a Sea Scout troop and assumes responsibility the same as for any other troop in the district. (c) Where leaders are available who have had training in Sea Scouting and are qualified to carry on the program. (d) Where the money necessary to finance the troop has been raised for a definite, accepted plan for financing it has been provided.

These precautions are deemed necessary in light of past experiences. In several wards Sea Scouting has been attempted but problems of leadership, training, finance and organization support have caused it to be abandoned. This is unfortunate as it gives an erroneous impression of the Sea Scout program and makes it more difficult to get started again if an attempt is made.

The preferable method, which is now being given serious attention, seems to be to incorporate into the Vanguard program the attractive, desirable features of Sea Scouting, conducting the activities under our present leadership and with present facilities. Certainly no Sea Scout troop should be organized without the proper background to assure its success. Where the M. I. A. undertakes a program it should be done only after full consideration and after every necessary provision has been made to carry it forward to a successful conclusion.

Dr. West Discusses "Burning Up Boyhood"

THE article in *The Saturday Evening Post* last February on "Burning Up Boyhood" by Lawson Robertson was made the subject of an editorial in *Boys' Life* for October by Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America. Dr. West expresses the wish that every boy and every leader of boys might read the article. It deals with the seriousness of boys and young men in the mid-adolescent period—the Vanguard age—engaging in competitive sports. It confirms in every detail the attitude taken by the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. in opposing competitive basketball and other gruelling sports for young men who are growing so rapidly that their vital strength is seriously undermined in the over-exertion so frequently apparent in competitive sports. Every Vanguard leader should read Dr. West's editorial and if possible the original article by Mr. Robertson. A survey of this entire problem is now under way by the Vanguard committee. The results will be published shortly.

New Age Eligibility Rule Covers All Vanguard Sports

THE new age eligibility rule, announced last month as applying to Vanball contests in the Vanguard program has been extended and in the future will apply in all Vanguard activities including archery, vanball and model airplane flying, the three Church-wide activities promoted by the Vanguard committee. The new rule is that *on the day a Vanguard becomes* 18 *years of age he becomes ineligible for further competition.*

It should be noted that the prescribed ages for Vanguards are 15 and 16. To encourage young men to remain in Scouting, the year between the 17th and 18th birthdays has been made a sort of "floating" period and Vanguards 17 years old have been permitted to continue playing, with full rights to participate in Church finals unless they reached their 18th birthday before January 1 preceding the event. Under this rule Vanguards well on their way to the 19th birthday were permitted to play in the vanball finals in February and to compete in archery and retold story in June even though they may have turned 18 on January 1.

The new rule eliminates any possibility of misunderstanding. *The day a Vanguard becomes* 18 *he becomes ineligible for further competition.* This will give younger fellows an opportunity to make the teams where, under the old rule, older and more experienced Vanguards were chosen. This change in no way affects the regular age schedule of the M Men. When a young man reaches his 17th birthday he is eligible to become an M Man if he so desires.

Is a Smoker a Real Man or a "Sissy?"

DANIEL CARTER BEARD is National Field Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America. To the many thousands of boys in America who know him and the thousands who have read his books and magazine articles he is an ideal—a hero. Recently a Scout asked him some questions. Among them was this: "Do you think that our Scoutmaster should prohibit smoking?" The National Commissioner's answer is a classic. Here it is. "There are no don'ts in Scouting. It is all do's. No real Scout will do anything that is injurious to his physical or moral health, or which brings discredit to him or his organization. When the ladies began to smoke, your National Scout Commissioner quit. He is no sissy."

Songs For Vanguards

THE CAISSON SONG

Tune: "Artillery Song."

OVER hill, over dale,
We will hit the greenwood trail,
As we Vanguards go hiking along;
In and out, all around,
You will never see us frown,
As we Vanguards go hiking along.

And it's Hi! Hi! Hee!
A Vanguard troop for me;
Shout out our name and shout it strong,
Where'er we go, we will always know,
That the Vanguards go hiking along.
Always hiking,
That the Vanguards go hiking along.

BEE-HIVE GIRLS

Bee-Hive Service Awards

IN 1933 a plan was inaugurated by the Bee-Hive Committee of the General Board whereby all Bee-Keepers in the Church having given the past three years consecutive service, who had completed the ranks, earned the Honor Badges, and passed a test prepared by the General Board would be entitled to buy and wear a Bee-Keeper's Service Pin.

The first award was made at June Conference, 1934, to Bee-Keepers shown in the accompanying picture. Those unable to attend Conference were awarded the pin at the Fall Conventions and a complete list of all Bee-Keepers having received the pin to date with their years of service is also given.

We wish to remind our Bee-Keepers that this pin will be awarded annually to those earning it and hope it will be a source of encouragement to new Bee-Keepers to remain in service. Also in 1936 a five year service pin will be awarded by the General Board to the Bee-Keepers having met the requirements of the three year pin and given an additional two years service.

The Stakes have been asked for an Honor Roll of all Bee-Keepers not now in service who have given five or more years of service. We would be pleased to receive this list which will be published at a later time.

The General Board is proud of the fine service given by the Bee-Keepers throughout the Church and wishes to congratulate the stakes on this splendid leadership.

Suggestions for Christmas Parties

SANTAS

GIVE each a bright red apple—a marshamallow, some toothpicks, raisins, cloves, cotton, almond nuts and glue.

Glue a strip of cotton around the middle of the apple, add a strip up the front. This forms the coat and pants of Santa. Stick some cloves in for buttons. With a toothpick place the marshmallow on the top for the head. Cover the top of marshmallow with cotton for hair and a strip around the neck. Insert cloves for eyes and a mouth. Make him a red pointed hat of paper. On four toothpicks, slide raisins until they cannot hold more. On one end of each pick place a nut to make feet and hands. Insert them in proper place for arms and legs. A contest may be had, judging the best Santa. These Santas make clever favors, or place cards may be attached.

POSTCARDS

Original postcards are fun to make and serve for like purposes. Original verses, decorations of silhouettes, pictures and drawing may be used. The double folder is easy and attractive to make.

CHRISTMAS GAMES

(See *Era*, Dec., 1933)

Snow balls made of cotton may be used in any ball relay games.

OBSERVATION GAME

Place a number of small Christmas toys and Christmas articles on a table. Give the guests one long look, then cover. Have them write as many articles as they can remember. Prizes may be awarded.

A large snow ball of cotton may form a center piece for the table. Inside may be placed small favors (toys) or exchange presents. Each gift is tied with a Christmas ribbon or card and other end attached to one of the guest's place cards. Place cards may be in the arms of snow men made from marshmallows. The guests may make these or the hostess may do so.

(*Continued on page 755*)

Name	Service
Pres. Ruth May Fox	10
Sarah R. Cannon	12
Elsie Hogan	7
Marie C. Thomas	4
Mary Cobbley	5
Ella Mecham	7
Bessie Calderwood	5
Thelma Goodey	7
Mabel Forsgren	6
Fern Brown	3
Rosemarie Liddle	3
Emma Burgon	4
Lenore Cutler	5
Georgiana Puckett	7
Sarah M. Beckstead	12
Jennie N. Ernstrom	9
Verona Atwood	3
Lena Jackson	3
Mary Day	3
Bessie Gull	3
Florence Morris	5
Elsie Atwood	3
Lucy T. Anderson	3
Florence Thody	3
Pearl Fisher	8
Mabel Black	4
Elaine Cannon	4
Thelma Hansen	4
Bertha Burgener	5
Erma Spencer	3
Mildred Hunter	3
Goldie Shaw	3
Reta Allen	5
Ethel Anhder	7
Rosella Davies	10
Lavon F. Anderson	5
Nellie Cluff	4
Margaret Ellessen	3
Mary Beer	3
Eula Jensen	3
Merle Poulson	6
Nana Monroe	3
Caroline M. Adams	8
Lottie J. Ripley	4
Vera H. Cloward	4
Dora Powell	4
Addis Thomas	7
Viola Warren	5
Mae L. Bello	7
Laurel Grant	4
Alice Palmer	10
Ella Howell	7
Sylvia Cox	3
Edith B. Gold	7
Arlene Dewey	4
Flossie Berthelson	3
Naoma Sorenson	11
Kathryn Geurts	9
Anna Johnson	12
Mary Paterson	6
Elva Wahlquist	3
Margaret Giolas	4
Alice Lloyd	5
Pearl Walton	16
Thora Broadbent	6
Anna B. Minger	10
Leah Larson	8
Lavon Pyper	7
Ardell Clyde	3
LaRue Behunin	8
Leah Yates	16
Leona B. Fetzer	4
Helen C. Moore	3
Mary Teerlinck	4
Sarah Jensen	4
Grace Norris	13
Florence Binham	5
Lottie Burleigh	3
Emma Hamblin	11
Louise Dastrup	7
Amy B. Ence	16
Janet Tremmelling	7
Hazel Treeman	4
Erma H. Magleby	
Sister Ellers	
Sister Willmore	
Melba Nielson	7
Amanda C. Pugh	5
Lillian C. McAllister	3
Flora L. Heaton	3
Eunice Hutchings	12
Hazel May Bone	9
Geneva Pearson	14
Bertha Kehrer	3
Delila Hall	3
Grace Johns	3
Ruth Harris	3
Ella Neddo	14
Ercel A. Shurtz	5½
Anna Sorensen	
Merle Poulson	6
Ruth R. Harris	3
Delila Hall	3
Eva S. Thompson	3½
Doris M. Dawson	3
Jennie Swainston	
Pearl I. Walker	3
Ella Howell	7
Allene Slaughter	5
Viola M. Sorensen	4
Stella McCrory	5
Helen Hyde	3
Nana Monroe	6
Fern Wiltsey	4
Rinda B. Sudweeks	3
Vivian Ottley	4
Esther Lambert	4
Gwendolyn Williams	3
Edith Butler	4
Ina McConkie	4
Mabel Redd	
Emma Smith	5
Alta Williams	8
Sister Tonks	
Myrtle Bitter	19
Pearl T. Forsey	4
Ivy Johnston	5
Irene Ricks	
Ella Dunn	5
Nettie Peerce	5
Cora McGlome	5
Alice Clark	6
Rachel Jones	3
Naomi Keetch	4
Virginia Newbold	3
Martha Burgner	3
Philander Tree	3
Blanche Frisby	3
Sister MacAfface	3

SCOUTS

The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

By Philo T. Farnsworth

No. V. Some Factors of Personality Development

Editor's Comment: This is the fifth of a series of articles being written to acquaint "Leaders of Boys" with the best information and source material available on the subject of the growth and factors of development of the adolescent boy.

IN much of our traditional thinking human personality is thought to be a mysterious ethereal something, dropped from the skies about which we can do nothing.

Modern psychology holds no such fatalistic point of view. Present day thinking on the matter states that there are many factors which influence growth of personality and that one's heredity is but one factor. Man meets new experience, adjusts to it and is changed by it. Personality is then not a static gift which persists throughout life unchanged, but a growing, evolving, changing entity. The keynote of personality is, therefore, neither permanence nor stability, but unification and integration of one's experiences.

Further to define personality it is well to keep in mind that the well adjusted person will possess "a healthy body, normally acute sense organs, balanced perception, a good memory, sound judgment, rational associations, emotional balance and motor control." It should also be kept in mind that any condition or experience which affects the above mentioned characteristics will be a factor in influencing personality development.

The development of human personality then is definitely determined by one's personal equipment (heredity), by one's material possessions, by individual and social experiences (environment) and by the response one makes to these experiences (personal choice). These factors are by no means simple but are complex and interlocking.

In order named, let us first consider some of the possibilities for influencing the development of human personality that are found under the so-called personal equipment of the child. This will be considered under three headings, first the mental ability; second the health of the child; and third, the physical appearance of the child.

Modern psychology has demonstrated the fact of individual differences in the mental ability of children. Our concern, however, is not in the amount of difference as much as it is to note the reactions of persons with varying degrees of ability in a social environment.

A dull child may develop rather placidly in an environment where not too much is expected of him. Placed in direct competition with situations beyond his limited ability and any one of a number of reactions may occur. He may resort to queer cunning to get by his difficulties. He may be filled with a feeling of his own inferiority and incompetence and become retiring and docile, or he may create a hatred toward those situations that cause his discomfort.

On the other hand, a bright child may find his environment tame and commonplace. He may use his cleverness to avoid effort. He may become arrogant, with a feeling of superiority and became altogether a hateful, shallow person.

These two suggestive cases may be extremes, but they point the way to an understanding of how a child's personal equipment and mental ability may affect the growth of his personality.

Now how may the health of an individual affect his personality development? During a sickness or recovery from an accident, one is generally treated with great care and solicitude. The direct result in emotional development may be a feeling of dependence; or notion that one should be waited on; and in some cases, if one fancies one's self mistreated, may result in attitudes of hate. There may develop fears, a tendency to exaggerate one's illness and many other negative responses. No doubt some persons are helped by illness while others are forced into disintegration. Hence, health or the lack of health becomes an important factor in personality development.

The physical appearance of a child may also have a great effect upon his personality development. A hair lip, a withered limb or crooked spine, all are physical handicaps that may be far-reaching effects upon emotional and intellectual responses. Red hair, diminutive stature and numerous other physical features may have equally detrimental results.

As a second group of factors related to the problem under consideration let us consider how material possessions, or the want of them may affect personality development.

Meager material possessions in the home may affect the emotional response of the child in numerous ways. A child may resort to stealing to obtain a desired object. He may imagine he has countless possessions and live in a world of phantasy. He may develop an ambition to be a great man and so acquire all that he wants.

A child surrounded with everything may develop snobbery and demand service and goods beyond reason. There may develop an over emphasis on physical satisfactions that come from material possessions.

We should not minimize in passing the effects of various family relationships, the only child, the child as a bond between parents, or of divorced parents, all these affect the attitudes of mind that develop.

The type of associates that one makes, the type of employment in which one is engaged; the neighborhood in which one lives—all these exert influence. The classroom, the teacher, the playground, the Church—all must be recognized as agencies which indeed influence the moulding of human personality.

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Bee-Hive Girls

(*Continued from page 754*)

A Christmas Menu

Conscience, Clear
Kindness Good Cheer
Tender Memories
Charity served with Discretion
Peace Love Truth
Long Life stuffed with
Usefulness
Heart, Fond and True
Best wishes of Absent Friends
Sweet Thoughts
Mizpah

The Trial of Jesus

(Continued from page 716)

and appeared later before the Chief Priest of the Sanhedrin for the purpose of betraying Jesus, he saying to the Chief Priest, "What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?" A bargain was made that thirty pieces of silver should be paid Judas for the diabolical scheme.

SUNDAY morning Jesus made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem seated on the back of a colt of an ass. It was a joyous occasion; great throngs of people shouted, "Hosanna to the son of David," and "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord." On this day He again drove the money changers from the temple and at that place healed the sick and taught the people.

On Monday He again returned to the Temple and was met by the High Priests and learned Rabbis and high representatives from the Sanhedrin, who tried to trick him with questions, but utterly failed in their attempt.

The occurrences on Tuesday were a repetition of what had occurred on Monday. They again besieged Him with questions in an attempt to ensnare Him and it was on this occasion that He made the famous reply: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." It was on this day also that in answer to their question "Which is the greatest commandment in the law?" He replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The record does not disclose what He did on Wednesday, but it is probable that He spent the day with friends at Bethany.

Thursday afternoon He again returned to the City and going to the house of a friend, He and His disciples went to an upper chamber where they partook of the famous Last Supper. Later in the evening He went to the Garden of Gethsemane and went through the experiences so familiar to all. Some where near the midnight hour He was approached by a mob and on this occasion was betrayed by the faithless Judas. Jesus was then placed under arrest and brought before Annas, retired High Priest who had previously been the presiding officer of the great Sanhedrin; incidentally he was the father-in-law of Joseph Caiaphas, the High Priest who then presided over the Court.

Annas did not inquire as to any particular act alleged to have been committed by Jesus, but was chiefly concerned with the doctrines taught by Him and when he asked what Jesus taught, the Savior made this reply, "Why asketh thou me? Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said." The frank answer nettled the old gentleman and one of the guards, observing this, struck Jesus a blow in the face, at the same time saying, "Answereth thou the high priest so?" Under the law, such a brutal act was inexcusable, yet Annas made no protest. That terminated the hearing before Annas and Jesus was then bound and taken before Caiaphas, the high priest, and the assembled members of the Sanhedrin. The hour was after midnight, as the cock had already crowed thrice and Peter had then denied his Master.

The fact that the Sanhedrin was ready to convene at such an hour shows the prejudice that existed in their minds and should have disqualified them from acting. Furthermore, the trial of a capital case, according to Jewish law, could not be held at night nor commenced on Friday before the Jewish Sunday. However, these requirements of the law were utterly ignored by the Court. The once august tribunal had now degenerated to the level of a mob acting under color of authority.

JESUS, bound and defenseless, faced the assembled Sanhedrin with a composure that was calm, serene and fearless. There had been no charges filed against Him as required by law, nor was He arraigned by having read to Him the offenses which He was alleged to have committed. On the other hand, the Court "sought for witnesses against Him and found none," meaning that they sought persons to accuse Him. The record says, however: "At the last came two false witnesses," one saying that he had heard Jesus say, "I can destroy this temple and rebuild it again in three days." The other saying that He said, "I will destroy this temple and rebuild it in three days." As a matter of fact what He had actually said was, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," meaning, of course, His own body and not the Jewish Temple.

Be that as it may, the two witnesses apparently did not testify to one alleged overt act, as a discrepancy in their testimony indicates. Therefore, under the Jewish law, He should then have been set free. This testimony, however, was taken as conclusive and Jesus was required to put on His defense without being given time to prepare the same.

To this high-handed procedure Jesus refused to respond. His silence angered the High Priest and he now assumed the role of an accuser, contrary to the law that said no member of the Court could be an accuser. Caiaphas sprang to his feet and shouted, "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the son of God?" He had no legal right to ask the question as it was entirely outside the issues raised by the two false witnesses, nor could he require the accused to answer a question that might tend to criminate him. However, the question concerned the Messiahship of the Master and He could no longer be quiet. After a pause, he replied, "If I tell you, ye will not believe: And if I also ask you, ye will not answer me." Whereupon the entire assembly cried, "Art thou then the son of God?" Knowing the full import of His answer and knowing that it meant death, He calmly answered, "Thou hast said."

With a great display of righteous anger the members of the Court expressed their opinions of guilt, and with mingled pleasure and hatred the high priest said, "He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses?" and so saying, the high priest rent his judicial robe as a token of his horror and detestation of blasphemy. The crowd who a few days previous had cheered His entrance into the City turned against Him, saying, "He is guilty of death." This conviction of the Court was adjudged in spite of the fact that the law forbade that an accused person be convicted upon

his mere voluntary confession in a capital case.

In order that the reader might have more clearly in mind the nature of the crime of blasphemy, permit me to insert the following definition of the crime. "The crime of blasphemy, as it was understood among the Jews, consisted in the use of the name of God in an impious, idle, light or flippant manner, and in usurping to one's self power and authority belonging to God alone. It extended to every word and act directly detracting from His sovereignty, such as speaking in the name of some other god, or neglecting, on occasions requiring it, to give honor and credit due His holy name."

The first hearing before the Sanhedrin concluded about three o'clock Friday morning, it being the early hours of the great festal day. The Court adjourned until daybreak to take final counsel.

AS has already been shown, there needs must be a second hearing and a second vote of conviction. However, under the law, the second hearing could not convene until after one full day had intervened, but the next day being the Jewish Sabbath, they disregarded that feature of the law and held both hearings during the early hours of Friday morning. During the time between said hearings, Jesus was turned over to the guards and all manner of insults and indignities were heaped upon Him, although, according to law, the presumption of innocence followed Him until the close of the second hearing. Members of the Sanhedrin seeing the abuse made no protest, although it was their sworn duty to afford the prisoner complete protection.

The second hearing is mentioned in the record as follows: "And as soon as it was day, the elders of the people and the chief priests and the scribes came together, and led Him into their council."

This morning session was a mere formality. The high priest again violated the law by requiring Jesus to testify against Himself. No witnesses were examined and the procedure was as follows: In answer to their question, "Art thou then the Son of God?" He replied, "Ye say that I am. Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God." After which the whole assembly said, "What need we of any further witness? for we ourselves have heard from His own mouth."

Thus on His own naked statement had Jesus again been convicted of blasphemy, without any attempt on the part of the Court to allow Him to disprove his assertion or to permit Him to substantiate it. After the second conviction a more brutal display of violence was indulged in than after the first hearing; on this second occasion even members of the Court participated.

The wanton neglect of duty by members of the Court can better be understood in light of the statement of law found in the book of Rabbi Wise entitled "Martyrdom of Jesus," which reads, "If none of the judges defended the culprit, the verdict was invalid."

Since the advent of Roman authority in Jerusalem, the power to inflict the death penalty had been taken from the Jewish Courts. Consequently, after the final conviction by the Sanhedrin, it was necessary to have the Roman ruler confirm or approve the conviction before the execution could take place. Accordingly, Jesus was now bound and delivered to Pontius Pilate, who had complete authority to open the case, examine the accusations and determine from all the facts and circumstances whether the prisoner be guilty of an offense under the Roman law. If the accused were convicted of a crime not recognized by the Roman law, the procurator would not proceed further with the case.

The enemies of Christ expected that Pilate, a man of iron and blood, would take keen delight in confirming their sentence of guilt without question, but not so. The Roman Judge inquired as to the accusations and said to them, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" They tried to evade the question by saying, "If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee." They knew the crime of blasphemy was not recognized by the Roman law, hence the attempted evasion.

WHEN Pilate finally discovered the nature of the accusation, he held the charge in derision and immediately the persecutors accused Jesus of being disloyal to Roman authority and of treason against Caesar. They said, "We found this fellow perverting the nation, forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, saying 'I am Christ the King'." Truly a gigantic falsehood, in view of the answer made by Jesus concerning Caesar receiving what was due him.

After Pilate had heard the accusations, he took Jesus aside and said, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" This being an entirely different charge from that of which he had been convicted by the Sanhedrin, the question of Pilate may be considered in the nature of an investigation into a new alleged offense. In reply to the question Jesus said, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" To this Pilate replied, "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me; what hast Thou done?"

It then must have been apparent to Jesus that Pilate was sincere in his inquiry, and the Savior took occasion to explain to him in the following words, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." Thus clearly showing that this kingdom alluded to was a spiritual kingdom of righteousness in the hearts and minds of men, rather than a temporal kingdom on earth. However, Pilate persisted saying,

Evolution

(A MOTHER TO HER SON)

By Jeanette M. Morrell

WHY spend your precious hours
Among the ancient tomes?
Why waste God-given powers
For glimpses into homes
Of speculative forebears
Mysteriously slain
In tombs, or caves, or darkest lairs,
Where ages they have lain?

Why try to prove the ugly things?
Why not the perfect plan
Of Heavenly and paternal King—
His Son—eternal man?
Life's moments are such precious things;
Why waste them on the past?
So soon you'll find they've taken wings;
They come and go so fast.

Today, and then tomorrow
Are the problems of this life;
Why knowingly woo sorrow?
Why palliate true strife?
The question that should cause you fear,
While on Life's caravan,
Is whether, son, you go from *here*
A monkey or a man.

"Art thou a king then?" To this Jesus replied, "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." Apparently this answer was over Pilate's head; at least he did not understand the full import of it for Pilate then said, "What is truth?" and without waiting for an answer he mounted the judgment seat and pronounced an acquittal by saying, "I find in Him no fault."

Greenleaf says of the acquittal: "Here was a sentence of acquittal, judicially pronounced, and irreversible except by a higher power, upon appeal; and it was the duty of Pilate thereupon to have discharged Him."

To this point Pilate had acted in conformity to Roman law, but from this point forward he showed a lack of moral courage to go against the wishes of the enraged multitude.

Thereafter the infuriated enemies of Jesus determined to carry their point with the vacillating Pilate by accusing Jesus of sedition in stirring up the people throughout Jewery, from Galilee to Jerusalem. They failed to tell Pilate that the doctrines that had stirred the people were His teaching of charity, love and humility.

When Galilee was mentioned as a place where sedition had been practiced, the coward in Pilate saw a way out. He would transfer the case to Herod Antipas, the procurator whose jurisdiction included Galilee and who happened to be in the City at the moment. Accordingly Pilate promptly ordered the case transferred to Herod. The priests and elders forthwith took Jesus before Herod, thinking he would waste no time in confirming the verdict of guilty, thus to appease popular applause. However, they were to be again disappointed.

HEROD had heard of the man Jesus and was curious to meet Him. The record says he asked Jesus many questions, but that "He answered him nothing." Angered by His silence, the record says Herod "set him at nought," meaning no doubt he treated Him with contempt. However, he treated the charges as groundless and frivolous, and dressing Jesus in a gorgeous robe in derision of his kingly power sent him back to Pilate. Thus the action of Herod who had jurisdiction to try the case amounted to another acquittal.

The accusers now with renewed determination brought Jesus before Pilate again and Pilate said to them, "Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people; and, behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse Him: No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto Him. I will therefore chastise Him and release Him." Another absolute pronouncement of acquittal and a confirmation that Herod had found Him not guilty.

Thereupon Pilate proceeded to scourge with rods the body of Jesus, thinking that the physical pain inflicted would satisfy and appease the mob, a most dastardly thing to do; the infliction of punishment for the fictitious offense should have been a bar to further prosecution, as the Roman law provided that no man be put in jeopardy twice for the same offense. The record says, "from thence forth Pilate sought to release Him."

Jesus was next stripped of his royal robes, with which He had been dressed by Herod, and was clothed with an old cloak and a purple girdle, and to complete the ceremony He was crowned with a wreath of thorns; a reed was placed in His hand for a scepter and He was then led before the multitude.

Pilate, observing the pale face and tottering figure of the Master, and realizing the terrible torture and pain He had been subjected to, exclaimed with all the feeling of which he was capable, "Behold the man." The answer of the hard-hearted priests and elders was, "Crucify Him." Pilate apparently disgusted said, "Take ye Him, and crucify Him: for I find no fault in Him." However, the Jews realized that they had no such authority and that they must have the approval of the Roman Pilate, and they said, "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God."

When Pilate, therefore, heard that saying he was the more afraid and he realized that he was being led into a situation where he was to be a party to the shedding of innocent blood for the violation of a law which the authority at Rome did not recognize, and with genuine concern he took Jesus aside and said to him, "Whence art thou?" Jesus made no reply to this question and Pilate became angered at his silence and said, "Speakest Thou not unto me? knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee?" Jesus perceiving the bewilderment and indecision of Pilate finally answered him, "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin," indicating that the Jews were more to blame for this terrible situation than was Pilate.

Pilate convinced of the innocence of Jesus made one further attempt at dissuading the multitude by saying, "Behold your king." The mob then threatened to report to Caesar the actions of Pilate if Jesus were set free. Under the daring threat, the spineless Pilate was swayed between the dictates of his conscience and the fear of Roman power. His clear-headed wife sent him a message imploring him "to have thou nothing to do with that just man." Finally he made one last effort to save Jesus.

It was the custom during Pass-

Song For My Little One

By Gladys Hendrickson

SOFTLY, softly,
Singing low,
Here in the
Golden candle-glow,
Cuddle your drowsy head
Down on my breast
Dear little baby,
I sing you to rest.
I sing that I love you,
My small one,
My dear one,
I love you and keep
You, my little one,
Sleep.

Soft and slow,
To and fro,
Your mother and you
Where star-flowers blow,
Where moon-children shake
Their shining hair
Down through the night,
Through the still
Blue air.

Small and sweet,
Soft and dear,
I sing to you songs
That you hardly hear,
Under the clear,
Deep, starry sky.
Here at my breast,
Slumber, rest,
Sleep as I whisper
My lullaby.

over week to release some prisoner that would gratify the wishes of the multitude, and Pilate said to them, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" The throng asked for the release of Barabbas, a robber and murderer. The angered mob then called the louder to "crucify Him," and Pilate answered, "Shall I crucify your king?" and as bad as they hated Caesar, the scribes and elders said, "We have no king but Caesar."

THE unrelenting mob finally overcame the will of the Roman Judge and he released Barabbas and turned Jesus over to be crucified. The record says, when he had thus released Jesus, he took a basin of water and washed his hands before the multitude, at the same time saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." Thus had this weakling permitted innocent blood to be shed, the great Roman law to be disregarded and the mob spirit to prevail.

The final result has well been summed up by the learned George W. Thompson in his book entitled "The Trial of Jesus," in the following words: "Thus ended the darkest crime known to the history of jurisprudence. Two of the most enlightened systems of law that ever existed were prostituted in order to bring about the destruction of the most innocent man that ever lived."

The character of Him who was condemned to die at the close of this infamous trial, was spotless. A few terse utterances by those most closely acquainted and associated with him during his life time may throw some light on the point. Let those whom we may assume were apposed to Him speak first.

Caiaphas, the chief priest of the Sanhedrin, condemned Him because He said He was the Son of God, asserting, "He hath spoken blasphemy by saying hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of the power of God."

Pilate exclaimed, "I find no fault in Him."

Judas, in remorse, uttered the phrase, "I have betrayed innocent blood."

The Roman Centurion in charge of the execution and one who perhaps observed more closely all the details of the tragic event than any other person, said, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

The thief on the cross, who had, so far as the record discloses, never met Jesus before, looking to Him remarked, "This man hath done nothing amiss."

Then let us hear from His friends.

John the Baptist is quoted as saying, "I bear record that He is the Son of God."

Peter, one of his closest associates, stated, "God hath made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ."

John refers to him as "the bright and the Morning star."

Thomas, the doubting disciple, after being convinced, exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!"

Saul who during the lifetime of Christ persecuted Him and His followers, after his miraculous conversion said, "I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dross that I may win Christ."

It is unthinkable that the author of Law and Order would have interposed a defense in a trial where every rule of law was disregarded. To have attempted a defense would have been to dignify the action of a maddened throng and would have given the proceedings the semblance of legality.

May we not conclude that personally He needed no defense. Just as He needed no defense from physical attack when He rebuked the impetuous Peter for cutting off the ear of Malchus, a member of the arresting party. He could at any moment have taken complete charge of the situation had He so desired.

Not so with the principles He advocated, however. They need defending. Note His statement, "to this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Is it not the principal mission of us all to bear witness of the truth? On a thousand fronts the battle of truth is being waged and every red-blooded, clear-thinking person will find that after his greatest capabilities have been used in its defense, that the battle has merely begun.

Would not wisdom dictate that we accept the kind invitation of the Master for service, when He said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and you shall find rest unto your souls for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

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A Christmas Tree For Susan

(Continued from page 725)

had deluged the mountains around Hartwell with snow. As the school teacher, Sue was the official chaperone for the sleighing parties of the school children, and was chairman of the Christmas program committee for the church.

She wanted to have a really distinctive program this year, something beautiful and inspiring. She thought wistfully of Lynn with her dark, glowing beauty and colorfully lovely voice as the Madonna, against a background of austere simplicity. Ann's deft hands could work miracles with the setting, even with the few stage properties Hartwell afforded.

But Lynn and Ann weren't coming, and if they were, neither of them would care to lend their talents to a village pageant.

She sighed. The girls and Roger had all written to say they were glad she was going to be sensible about Christmas and not work herself to death making presents and holly wreaths, or trimming trees and cooking an absurdly indigestible dinner.

Sue had grown defiant when she read the letters. She liked to make presents. She liked to wrap them up to look gay and friendly, with pert red bows saying "Merry Christmas" before the package was even untied. She liked to trim a Christmas tree with silver tinsel and shining, fragile ornaments, and a silver star at the top. She liked to cook those absurdly indigestible dinners, baking fragrant, golden-crusted pies and spicy cookies for days before Christmas.

"Sue, darling," Lynn had written in her firm, slanting hand, "I'd love to have you spend Xmas with me at Peter Wyandotte's place on Long Island. He's having a small party—just thirty or forty guests, and told me to bring you along. Of course, we'd have to pick up a few little things for you in New York . . ."

Sue hadn't liked that, either. Lynn thought she hadn't brains enough to know that her clothes weren't quite up to a "small party at Peter Wyandotte's place on Long Island." Well, she wouldn't go. She and Ellen were going right ahead with their presents and their tree and their absurdly indigestible dinner for just the two of them.

THE week before Christmas was filled with activity, so Susan did not have time to be lonely. School was out for the holidays, but groups of her students came to The Highlands to make Christmas candies under Sue's direction. Nearly every night they filled the kitchen with their incessant chatter and shrieks of laughter. During the day they all went into the woods for holly and evergreen limbs for wreaths.

The pungent fragrance of pine boughs mingled with the spiciness of Ellen's Christmas cooking and lent an air of gayety to the old house. In spite of herself Sue was affected by it all, and the dull ache which had invaded her heart was replaced by a feeling of something mysterious and pleasant about to happen.

Her Christmas pageant was nearly ready to be presented to the Hartwell theater-going public, which included the whole town. It wasn't the beautifully inspiring production which she had hoped to achieve, but Sue knew that Hartwell was not critical.

Her despair was Mina Aldrich in the role of Madonna. Sue pleaded patiently with her to allow her thick fair hair to lie in smoothly classical braids over her shoulders instead of tortured into set marcel waves. She sighed every time she looked at Mina.

"The Madonna should have dark hair and eyes and a soulful look. Mina doesn't even have an intelligent one. If Lynn were only here . . ."

The morning before Christmas found Sue awake and shivering at six o'clock. She dressed and hurried downstairs to the warmth of the kitchen, where Ellen was already pouring chocolate and buttering thin slices of toast. As Sue ate her breakfast the big kitchen seemed to echo with memories.

"No reminiscences, please," she reminded herself firmly, shaking off the mood of loneliness which threatened to come.

After breakfast Sue went down to the church for a final inspection of the stage, and to check properties. There was to be one more rehearsal in the afternoon; the pageant was to be presented Christmas night.

She returned home at five o'clock to find the big house filled with the rich odors of Ellen's last baking day. A crackling wood fire in the living-room flung a cheerful light into the shadows. Sue, coming in from fast-deepening twilight, felt a warm glow at her heart when she saw it.

ELLEN had set the tea-table in front of the fireplace; there were delicious little biscuits, strawberry jam, cocoa, and a variety of thin sweet cookies and rich cakes.

"Ellen, you old darling! Just what I needed to cheer me up after that wretched rehearsal. Mina has a sore throat and I'm worried about her singing tomorrow," Sue said as she ran upstairs to make a quick change. She was down again before Ellen had pulled the chairs up to the table. Sue exchanged her straight chair for a soft, deep one and relaxed into it with a little sigh of utter contentment.

"I could simply purr, Ellen. Isn't this lovely?" she said, sipping her drink and spreading a hot biscuit. Ellen did not answer; there was something mysterious in her silence and her quick glances toward the hall. Then Sue noticed for the first time a third place at the table.

She sat up abruptly and put her cup on the table.

"Ellen," she said, "who is the other place for?"

Ellen, now openly watching the hall, did not answer. Someone was coming downstairs, someone who walked lightly.

Sue jumped up and made for the door, just barely missing the tea-table. Half-way down the stairs was Ann, trailing a filmy rose chiffon tea frock. Ann, with a little half-smile on her face which just escaped being sentimental.

"As if she were afraid of being laughed at," was Sue's odd conviction. Correct, conventional Ann.

"Well," said Ann in the husky drawl which she had cultivated, "are there no fervent embraces, no extravagant words of welcome for the prodigal sister?"

There was an absurd catch in Susan's throat.

"Ann!" she said. "Ann!"

"Don't be intense, darling. Kiss me and let's eat."

Sue feeling gauche beside the slim blonde perfection that was Ann, sent Ellen for fresh food. Ann took the easy-chair which was placed so the dancing flames played

on her hair, intensifying the golden lights in it. Ann always did that; consciously or unconsciously she chose the most effective setting available. When she designed a home it invariably made a perfect background for Ann.

She startled Sue now by looking around the room without the critical eye of the artist and saying:

"I'd give anything for a few of these old pieces, Sue. They're simply priceless."

That was Ann. Without the flicker of an eyelash she called "simply priceless" furniture which she had characterized as "junk" the year before.

"Why, I'd as soon you took Ellen as any of this furniture," said Sue.

"I know it. You and Ellen are absolutely contented here, aren't you?"

With a flash of understanding Sue divined that Ann wasn't perfectly happy. Perhaps that was why she had come. As if she had spoken the words, Ann answered her.

"I'm so tired. I had to come home for a rest or go to pieces.

Ellen came in with biscuits and the mysterious look she always wore when she was trying to keep a secret. She fluttered around the tea-table like a wounded pheasant until Sue said:

"Tell us about it, Ellen, or you'll burst."

Ann flashed Ellen a warning look which she pretended not to see. Sue was amused. It was like Ellen to be thrilled with a Christmas conspiracy, but Ann—.

The tea things settled, Ellen bustled out to the kitchen again.

ANN slowly sipped her cocoa and took dainty bites from a biscuit, while a warm intimate silence enveloped the two girls. Sue was afraid to speak, this new mood of Ann's was so rare. The jingle of passing sleigh-bells, the muffled closing of a door, the snapping and crackling of the wood fire—all intensified the utter quiet.

Suddenly Sue put down her cup and jumped up.

"There's someone talking to Ellen," she said. "Were you alone, Ann?"

"Of course."

"I'll see who it is then. Ellen's been acting so strangely."

"Wait, Sue. I'll go, too."

They went cautiously down the hall toward the kitchen and opened the door. Ellen and a tall, dark girl in a sable coat turned quickly, both looking as if they were housebreakers caught on a job. Sue threw her arms around the newcomer while Ann watched them with affectionately amused eyes.

"The haughty Miss Lynn Lane couldn't stay away . . for Christmas," said Lynn softly. "Neither, it seems, could her wise-cracking sister Ann."

She had taken off the sable coat and dropped it casually on a chair. Ellen, with a scandalized cluck, picked it up and carried it reverently into the hall. The three girls all talked at once. Ann forgot her drawl, and Lynn her air of bored sophistication, while Sue, her eyes brimming, said affectionately:

"I know I'm an absolute idiot to carry on like this, but I'm so thrilled to have you both here . ."

Presently Lynn, looking around the shabby, cheerful living-room, said: "No tree? I thought you'd weaken at the last moment."

"No, indeed," said Sue airily. "Ellen and I have simply forgotten that Christmas exists."

The moment the words were out of her mouth she wondered what on earth one did to make a life-sized Christmas tree loaded with trimmings disappear into thin air.

"That's sensible, isn't it, Ann?"

"Very. I've always said so. After all, we aren't children any more, to be sentimental about an ante-dated holiday."

Susan felt herself growing defiant again. She and Ellen had had such fun trimming the tree, but of course, Ann and Lynn had the modern view-point. They knew Christmas trees and presents and absurdly indigestible dinners were only sentimental nonsense. How could she get rid of it before they decided to make a tour of the house?

AN hour later the girls were still sitting before the glowing coals in the grate. There was a feeling of intimacy and contentment in the long silences. Ann was stretched indolently on the divan,

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Lynn was curled up in the big chair, while Sue sat cross-legged on a pillow on the floor. All three were intently watching the flames, as if they saw vivid, quickly changing pictures of other Christmas Eves at The Highlands.

Once Sue gave Lynn a quick glance and said with studied casualness: "My Madonna developed a sore throat today and couldn't sing a note. If she isn't well tomorrow the Christmas pageant will simply fall through."

Lynn exchanged an amused look with Ann.

"You're so transparent, Sue darling. I loathe Christmas pageants, but tonight I'd promise you anything. If your Madonna doesn't recover, I'll sing for her."

"Oh, that's lovely." Sue settled back on her pillow with a pleased smile on her face. Mina would not recover in time to sing even if she had to be bribed with the new hat of Sue's she admired so much.

A door slammed shut somewhere near the kitchen. Sue remembered that Ellen had been working out there all the time they were talking. What could she find to do this far into the night?

Ann stirred lazily and sat up.

"Shall we go to bed? I'm simply dead for sleep," she said.

"Not sleepy yet, darling. You and Sue go," said Lynn. "I'll watch lost illusions come to life in the flames."

"Fortunately my illusions are still intact," laughed Sue, as she trailed after Ann.

Lynn waited until they were safely upstairs, then hurried out to the kitchen for a secret conclave with Ellen.

WHEN Sue had tucked the downy quilts around Ann's shoulders, and had seen the tired lines around her lovely eyes relax in a sleep of utter contentment, she went to her own cold room, to lie wide-awake with excitement in her big four-poster bed.

That Christmas tree . . . Sue could imagine Lynn's delicately arched eyebrows raised in indulgent amusement when she saw it, and Ann's sophisticated air of polite interest. That is, if she bothered to be polite or interested. Ann could be outrageously frank.

They would condone the absurdly indigestible dinner. One whiff of Ellen's cooking would make anyone believe Christmas dinner in the old-fashioned way was still a commendable institution.

Sue drifted off to sleep, determined to prevent their seeing her tree.

Early Christmas morning she sat up in bed and looked around the room, her eyes weighted with sleep. The objects in the room were barely discernible in the faint morning light, but Sue jumped out of bed and groped her way across the cold, bare floor.

Sometime in the night she had drowsily resolved to take the Christmas tree down the hill to the Farlings. Nine little Farling children would welcome it with shouts of glee. Sue had mentally thanked Heaven for children who still thought Christmas a lovely holiday.

Shivering in the icy darkness, she dressed quickly. She put on a heavy sweater and small felt hat, boots and gloves. The sled was in the wood shed, and after feeling her way carefully down the stairs and through the silent house, she was soon swinging along in the snow, breathing deeply of the cold, invigorating air.

The tree had been hard to manage alone, but now it lay securely tied on the sled, its glittering trimmings tumbled together. Susan was glad Ellen had insisted on trimming it in the little hall off the kitchen to keep the living-room clean, otherwise she never could have carried it to the sled.

The trail to the Farling home was narrow, and the snow deep, so it was an hour later that Susan trudged back to The Highlands after leaving the tree, a trifle untidy but still triumphantly gay and lovely, with its fragrant limbs flung valiantly toward the grey December sky, on the Farlings' porch.

When she reached the house, breathless and exhilarated, she stopped abruptly. In the driveway, looming darkly against the white snow, was a long sedan. From the living-room window came a shaft of light; subdued voices and laughter drifted out to Sue.

She hurried through the front hall and paused before the door, listening intently. Lynn and Ann . . . then a slower feminine voice . . . that would be Ellen's, and the light, gay one. . .

"Elizabeth!" Sue flung open the door and was enfolded simultaneously by Elizabeth and Roger. A tall dark man watched the impetuous embraces. She noticed in the quick glimpse she had of him that he had an exceptionally attractive smile.

"Sue, darling, this is Doctor Eaton—Jimmy," said Elizabeth. She turned and took his arm, adding casually, "We're married."

"A fact which Elizabeth takes very calmly. I haven't eaten a bite since the ceremony yesterday," said Elizabeth's husband, with another of the smiles which made Sue understand why they had heard nothing but Jimmy Eaton from Elizabeth since she first met him.

"You might all make a few explanations," said Sue with a pretense at severity. "When I distinctly told you there was no welcome mat spread for any of my recalcitrant family this year . . ."

Elizabeth looked hurt.

"Why, Sue, if we'd known you didn't want us . . ." she began.

"Want you! Elizabeth, I'm so thrilled . . ." She laughed, but the tears were very near the surface. "This won't do," she protested, linking her arm with Elizabeth's. Let's . . ."

HER voice died away. She was staring with delighted amazement at the lovely, shimmering Christmas tree which stood in its old place before a window, with Ann on a step-ladder beside it hanging the silver star.

Its needles were silvered, and displayed frosty, pure white ornaments. It looked cool and lovely and remote, like Ann herself.

But the gayly wrapped packages, all colors and shapes, tumbled underneath looked more like the joyous, careless children the Sherrills used to be.

Lynn had seen Sue's rapt look. Her own eyes were bright with laughter, and something else.

"We all *said* we wanted a Christmas tree for Susan, but I think the rest of us . . ."

"After all," drawled Ann from her perch beside the tree, "what is Christmas without a tree?"

"Or a turkey," put in Roger from the kitchen door. "Ellen or company."

She looked at Elizabeth and Jimmie, at Ann and Lynn and Roger; then she smiled, a tremulous little smile of happiness.

"It's the grandest thing in the world," said Sue rapturously," "to have everyone home for Christmas!"

The Long Winding Trail

(Continued from page 723)

enough horses to make a small division of the United States Army, so that I make claim to being a blacksmith. I have sewed up scalp wounds and set broken limbs because there was no one else to do it.

I have administered simple remedies to those who were sick. They have desired my prescriptions.

There are so many things that have just happened to come to me in my life. I have practiced law because there was no one else to practice it in the country where I was; and I made it very interesting for evil-doers. We had courts then that convicted men when they were guilty and discharged them when they were innocent.

I SHALL never forget one of those trials down in St. George in early days. William Fawcett was our justice of the peace. There was an attorney who came from Salt Lake to defend a fellow who had violated the law. Now there weren't many lawyers in those days, and the courthouse was crowded with people who were all anxious to hear the lawyer. The case went on, the witnesses gave their testimony, the justice of the peace declared the prisoner guilty. The attorney from Salt Lake began immediately to take exceptions and declared that he was going to appeal the case. The judge arose and said:

"All of those who are present that sustain me in my verdict please hold up your hands."

Every hand went up and that was the end of the case.

AMONG other things we had dramatics in those early days. I chanced to be one of the performers, and my wife here another. We were playing "East Lynne." If the College hasn't played it, I will bring my family up to see it if you put it on in Logan. We were so successful in St. George that we took it up to Silver Reef. A great number of Cornishmen had been brought to work in the mines there. The house was crowded with people. I was playing the part of Sir Archibald, and my wife's sister was playing Lady Isabel. When it came to that part where Lady Isabel on her knees pleads for forgiveness, (of course I had to be the stern husband who reprimanded her because of the mistake she had made) there walked down the aisle a big Cornishman with his sleeves rolled above his elbows, who shook his first at me and said:

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ACTS 17:22,23

22 ¶ Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill and said, *Ye* men of Ath'-ens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious [very religious].

23 For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions [observed the objects of your worship], I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

Facsimile of type showing corrected renderings in brackets.

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"Damn you, forgive her."

Later, in another play, we were in a complication on the stage which indicated that I had been the individual who had gone off with some money which did not belong to me. (Of course it was apparent to the audience that I was entirely innocent). It looked bad for me, however, until a boy jumped on one of the seats and shouted:

"Tony didn't take it. That man over there took it."

Well, there were many of these things, and I do not want to keep you too long.

I have learned something of the languages of the Indians among whom I have traveled and could translate them into my own tongue. I have studied geology sufficiently to classify the rocks, and I am never alone when I am with them, as I otherwise would be.

I STOOD one day on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. I could see the angry waves of the great river dashing against the rock-ribbed shores in their relentless, merciless way to the sea. Clouds were gathering in the canyon below. An eagle soared above them. I stood, contemplating the grandeur of the river and the bird which soared above it. Inadvertently I turned my head to a nearby cove, shaded by trees and bushes, from which I heard the cooing of a dove and the song of a mockingbird. A spring of clear water burst from the rocks above the cove and rushed merrily on to add its limpid waters to the mud and silt of the river below, and to be carried on to the ocean where it would be lost forever.

I thought as I contemplated my surroundings: The great river is like Genghis Kahn or Alexander of Macedon, going on in relentless fury, sweeping everything before it and leaving desolation behind. And I said: "I will not be like the army of selfish, thoughtless men, who are rushing on, perhaps to accomplish their own ambitions, but finally to be lost just as the river will be when it enters the sea. It will be gone and forever forgotten; while the cove where the birds are singing, and the stream of limpid water which bursts forth from the rock will be here forever. Like the word of God, it will be a place where all who thirst may drink without money and without price."

Then and there I resolved in my mind that I would rather be the cove and its waters which are pure and will be lasting, and with the mocking-bird and dove, than to follow after the great river and be lost and forgotten in the army of selfish, ambitious men.

Thus I have gone on until it has brought me here tonight. This is truly one of the happiest times of my life. I thank you for all the good things that have been said of me, placing a greater responsibility on me than ever before. I hope that as life goes on I may be with this Alumni. I have said, and believe, and bear witness to you, that I will be going down that long, long trail in another and better world, with you.

A Romance of Two Cities

(*Continued from page 729*)

"My basket was full of nuts, but that gluttonous Lamanite took over his amount and he says he loves me." She laughed gaily as she drew a square cloth from her robe. She tossed it into the old lady's lap.

"There," she exclaimed, kissing the face that looked in love at her, "I found a few heads of grain and threshed them. I hid them in my robe else Nana-aha would surely have taken them from me."

The old man's eyes narrowed. "It was an unwise risk," he said, then asked.

"Was it Nana-aha who took thy food?"

"It was," she answered, then remembering, she blushed.

"I was late getting in, a little behind Sarah and the others and he tried to make love to me. He says he will take and take until your pride is broken." Then throwing herself at his feet, she cried:

"Grandfather! You would never give me in marriage to him? Tell me, Beloved, you never would?"

Jared patted her head lovingly, but did not answer and soon the servant summoned them to their evening meal. Afterward the Grandmother took up her sewing and Zena curled on a couch near her. Jared in his corner pored over a roll of parchment.

"Grandmother, tell me of Zarahemla." This was her favorite query. To her, Zarahemla was a light upon a mountain—a goal that would materialize the dreams of her childhood and youth.

"I was just a maid newly wed," the grandmother began, "when Jared and I left Zarahemla. We came here to Lehi-Nephi with King Zeniff. We could scarcely wait to get here for we had heard much of the wonders of this city. I remember my mother and those who left here and went to Zarahemla were never tired of singing its praises. So we came here full of dreams and expectations and gloried in their fulfilment so long as King Zeniff lived, for he was a noble man bowing to the will of Jehovah in all things; but woe the day he died! Noah was all that his father was not and between him and the wicked Lamanites we have been nothing but slaves. Our people had prospered through righteousness and so long as our taxes were paid, the Lamanites let us alone. Noah changed everything. He and his priests were steeped in iniquity. God has destroyed cities for less wickedness than the City of Lehi-Nephi has known; but he has turned the wrath of the Lamanites upon us; would that he had destroyed the city. 'Twould be easier to bear."

"Mother!" the old man spoke sharply, and sensing the rebuke, she wiped a tear from her eyes. Zena, who knew this by heart asked impatiently.

"But what of Zarahemla, Beloved?"

Miriam, the grandmother, looked toward Zena, but did not see her. The dim old eyes were looking down the vista of years to a place far to the north, where, for her, life and love had begun.

"Zarahemla, the City Beautiful," she breathed softly. "I can see it now as I knew it then. White, clean spaces, magnificent buildings and towers, parks with flowers and playing fountains, and the Great Temple. Ah, dear child, I have no words to express the splendor, the soul-inspiring beauty of it. Would that we had never left." The old voice trailed away and Zena too, sat silent, lost in wondering speculation of her grandmother's City Beautiful.

A loud harsh summons suddenly broke their reverie. Instantly the old lady's wistfulness vanished. She sat regal as a queen.

"That black Lamanite," she hissed, "he would marry the daughter of the Once High Priest, Jared."

"Peace, Mother." The old man rose and stood facing the door. The servant, bowing low, said:

"Nana-aha seeks admittance."

With one hand Jared waved acquiesence, with the other motioned Zena and Miriam from the room.

PRESENTLY, the Mighty One stood before Jared, bowing slightly, in deference to his priestly office, but his bold black eyes wandered to the curtain behind which Zena and her grandmother had fled.

"The Lamanite would have something of me?" Jared asked with calm dignity. Beside him, the Lamanite stood drawn to his great height, overbearing and insolent.

"Jared knows what I would have," he replied, a trifle scornfully, "but once more I ask. Grant my wish and I shall render great service to your people."

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Jared drew a deep hard breath. That the Lamanite was laboring under great excitement was apparent. Something had happened.

"And if I refuse?"

"The morrow shall tell."

Jared's head bowed. His people had suffered much, how could they endure more? The men were few, women and children many. Every morning in the Temple he offered sacrifices to the Great Eloheim. Was his granddaughter too precious to sacrifice to an unbeliever? He half turned, the two listeners behind the curtain held each other close.

"Grandmother, oh, Grandmother," the girl moaned.

Then with startling suddeness the sweet old voice of Miriam was raised in a song pregnant with memories of a happy golden past.

"Zarahemla, City of Beauty,
How we love thy holy name.
Ever our hearts in memory tender—."

The old man raised his head. Back up on the trail of life they had sung it, he and she together. How many hard places and vexatious problems had given way before the music of it. Zarahemla, and its gorgeous Temple; he once a High Priest, honored—and he would have given his granddaughter to wife to one who was unworthy. His shoulders straightened sharply. He faced the Lamanite once more, dignified with hope and faith.

"Go!" he commanded. "The Granddaughter of Jared is priceless. She weds no one who is unholy."

The Lamanite laughed, a nasty sneering laugh.

"Jared is a weakling. He lets his women rule him."

Jared did not answer, but his hand still pointed to the door.

Nana-aha turned to his servants.

"Get the maid," he commanded, with a gesture toward the inner room.

They stepped forward, but were stopped by Jared.

"Would ye desecrate my home? Go hence, or I shall smite you to the earth." He faced them defiantly.

The men caught him, and while one held him powerless, the other started again for the curtain. As he would have laid his hands on it, he stopped short.

A low moaning cry, as of a rising wind at a great distance, came sweeping through the house. With each breath it grew louder, shriller. The curtain swayed, the light went out, nearer and nearer came the uncanny voice. The Lamanites turned to run but fear froze their limbs. Out of the gloom and blackness, sprang two terrifying eyes, two long lean hands of fire bore down upon them. A sudden blood curdling shriek and the Lamanites bolted, stumbling and cursing one another in their haste. With their retreating footsteps, the noise died, the curtains dropped. The apparition faced Jared.

"Thing of Satan," he cried, "what art thou?"

Instantly the figure vanished, but a dry chuckle floated back.

"Bithna," she exclaimed in gratitude.

(To be Continued)

Let's Talk About Personality

(*Continued from page* 730)

group. As a child of two, we should realize that the family has other responsibilities, and when we are three or four, we should begin to realize that we owe something to others and begin to help. Our earliest duties, quite naturally, will be simple. Later, when we attend school, we find that we are becoming increasingly individual and that we are members of a larger group now, but a group that is controlled by certain rules and regulations, nevertheless, and that to get along harmoniously with teachers and assosiates, we must abide by those rules and regulations. We will learn to welcome and respect them, feeling quite rightly that they were made for our personal guidance and that adherence to them protects our personal welfare. When, in time, we take our places as heads of our own families, the process of adjustment still goes on. Now we must learn to adjust to husband or wife, to relatives-in-law, to neighbors, business associates, acquaintances, church and club groups, social and cultural groups. Now comes the test. If, with physical maturity, we have also attained emotional maturity and mental poise, we shall have little or no difficulty in making adjustments from time to time, as the need arises. Nor will we suffer

the loss of one particle of our individuality for only by obedience to law can man know real freedom.

A TRUTHFUL answer to the following questions, will help you to see yourself in relation to your social adjustment. Do you know how to play? With your children? With other adults? Can you work harmoniously on boards or committees? Or are you one of those unfortunates who invariably advances a difference of opinion or continually maintains a super critical attitude? When you concede to the opinion of the group, do you do so with an injured air or hurt indifference? Have you learned to evaluate the opinions of others or do you, when forced to recognize the soundness of others' opinions, do so with an air of condescension? Are you sportsmanlike in group activities? Can you give to any competition, to any endeavor, the best there is in you and then lose with a smile and a sincere word of congratulation to an opponent? Can you yield gracefully in an argument? Can you use constructive criticism? Not only *take* it but *like* it, if I may be permitted the expression. Can you give constructive criticism? Can you concede the rights of others? And finally, are you making a contribution to your family? Your group? Your community? In the last analysis, are you sufficiently well integrated that you are able to get along with others and enjoy the process?

Morgan says: "The real test of a normal person is whether or not he can make social adjustments. Too often we picture as the ideal individual, one who has a maximum amount of moral restraint, who is remarkably intelligent, who is extremely well informed, or who is shrewd enough never to permit himself to become the dupe of circumstances. If this ideal does not preclude those traits which make the individual a desirable comrade, well and good; but too often such ideals omit very important elements, or, by over-emphasis of certain traits, minimize the ones which make him socially desirable. He may attain wisdom, wealth, and a high standard of morality, but these are only a means to one great end—that of attaining a wealth of personal contacts. One whose ambition drives him away from his fellows and tends to make him a recluse is sacrificing the most desirable thing on earth. The main object of education then, is to fit an individual to become successful in his personal relations with his fellows."

So begin today to improve and enrich your personal relationships. It costs nothing to smile and a cheery "good morning" or a warm hand clasp requires but a moment of your time, yet they serve to pave the way to a better and deeper understanding of life and those of us who are concerned with living, cementing the bonds of friendships and enriching your own personality.

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The Savior of Nacozari

(*Continued from page 731*)

Even the solid shelf of rock on which the building once stood had received a scar fully three feet deep. Off to the left, three hundred yards from the track, had stood a tenement house that had sheltered several families. To my astonishment the structure had been blown to atoms. Not one stick of timber was in its original position. Several of its occupants had been blown into eternity but worst of all, my eyes fell upon the forms and features of two women, a mother and daughter, who had been gazing out of the window at the approaching train when the explosion occurred. The glass from the window was hurled with such terrific force into their eyes that they were literally torn from their sockets, and nothing was left but great gaping, hideous cavities where once the eyes had been. And these sightless women could not die but were destined to live on in a world of total darkness, subjects of charity, until a kind providence should see fit to end their sufferings. I then looked about to ascertain the damage to the train, and saw that the engine had been dismantled, and I learned that the body of the engineer had been blown from the cab and was lying horribly mangled by the side of the track.

Anxious to learn the cause of the disaster, I interviewed a group of men standing nearby and received from them a detailed account of the accident, the essential features of which I now pass on to my readers.

THE train had come from the mine loaded with ore and was to return laden with an assortment of merchandise for those employed at the mines. On one car was loaded six thousand pounds of giant powder taken from a great stone magazine situated at the foot of the hill and in another car several tons of baled hay had been placed. When all was in readiness the engineer gave the signal, the engine began to puff and the train started to climb the hill. When less than half the distance had been reached the engineer cast a backward glance and to his consternation he saw that sparks from the engine had set aflame the bales of hay and that the burning hay, in turn, was being blown into the midst of the tons of powder contained in the open car immediately in the rear.

"Run for your lives!" shouted the youthful Mexican engineer to the train crew and a dozen passengers on their way to the mines. No second command was needed, and in a moment Juan was left alone. His Gethsemane had come. He, too, might escape but what of the thousands in the town below? Should the powder explode at this point the jar would be sufficient to set off the hundreds of tons in the magazine below and then what? Not one of the thousands would live to tell the tale. Great beads of perspiration protruded from every pore and with a heavy groan he opened wide the throttle and the train sped on. Scarcely had the summit been reached when the powder exploded, but the courage of the engineer had saved the town.

SIX months had passed. The sun was about to sink from view behind a serrated peak when a train of cars was seen coming down the steep declivity east of town. It was crowded with men, women, and children on their way from the mines. They had come to witness a solemn event, the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Juan Garcia, the youthful Mexican, engineer. Multitudes had assembled—Mexicans and Americans—social differences were cast aside and all were blended into one great throng to pay homage at the shrine of the hero who died that they might live. Words of eulogy appropriate for the occasion were spoken and strains of soft-toned music floated out on the evening air in heart-breaking loveliness only as a well trained and emotional Mexican orchestra can produce it. Then as a hush came over the assembled multitude a veil was parted disclosing to view a polished granite shaft on whose base was inscribed a glowing tribute, the spirit of which was as follows: "To the memory of Juan Garcia the courageous youthful engineer, the savior of Nacozari who died that we might live. 'No greater love hath any man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends'."

Years have passed since then but those intervening years have not dimmed the memory of that courageous deed nor of the sorrow of that widowed mother and orphaned sister as we tenderly placed in the casket the broken body of that heroic youth to whom honor and service were dearer than life.

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Your Page and Ours

"Arimo, Idaho.

"Dear Editor:

I'M thankful for my copy of *The Improvement Era,* writes Grace Kaye, from Dorchester, Mass., "I am thankful that I can encase 'Prelude to Several Things' in a little frame and hang it in a sacred corner where privileged eyes may gaze upon it and feel refreshed in the beauty of its characters. You're right, 'there isn't room to list the hundreds of other thanks-winning blessings'."

"Salt Lake City

"Dear Editor:

IN glancing over the contents of the September number of the *Era,* among several other worthy features, I was pleasantly impressed and edified by the article, 'It's Threshing Time' by yourself, and by the editorial, 'Prelude to Several Things' by Elsie T. Brandley.

"The easy, unstilted style that you use in truly describing threshing scenes is refreshing and accords quite well with your style and efforts at other times.

"This little article by Elsie pleased me, too, because, aside from the edifying subject matter, it shows fine gifts of expression, as well as rhetorical talent worthy of her work.

"More power to both of you.

"Cordially yours,

"Judge Daniel Harrington."

"St. George, Utah.

"Dear Editor and all Connected with *The Improvement Era*:

FOR a long while I have wanted to tell you how I appreciate your wonderful magazine, but like many others, I just think it and let it go at that.

"No one need ask for my subscription, as when the time comes to renew I am looking for the agent, and have my money ready.

"I take several standard magazines, but I never read them from cover to cover like I do *The Improvement Era.* I first turn to the poetry, and I especially like the reminiscent articles of our great leaders, also articles on personality, health, etc. Our children find it very interesting also.

"I hope for your continued success, and I'm sure you'll have it, because there is so much work and thought put forth.

"I am sincerely,

"(Signed) Mae A. Pace."

FROM "THE SPANISH FORK PRESS"

An Interesting Article

AN article that is creating much interest among Spanish Fork people appeared in the last issue of *The Improvement Era.* It was written by G. Ott Romney and is entitled, "What Makes an Athlete?" In this article the author tells of several of the outstanding performances of several athletes. Among them is Otto "Curly" Gardner, a Spanish Fork boy who made an excellent record in athletics.

"Young Gardner is now an air-mail pilot for the Pan-American Grace Airway Corporation in South America. He has the responsibility of taking the mail and fifteen passengers over the 'hump' each day from Buenos Aires, Argentine to Santiago, Chile. The one-way trip takes him six and one-half hours and in order to get safely over the "hump" he is forced to go to an elevation of sixteen thousand feet.

"Each day on top of the Andes he sees a monument to Jesus. It is called Cristo del Andes, which means the Christ of the Andes. It was placed there on the boundary to promote peace between the two countries.

"(This article was written by the students of the English class of the Sixth grade, Central school, of which John F. Warner, Jr., is the teacher.)"

"Elmira, New York.

"Dear Editor:

MOST sincere thanks for copy of the magazine received this morning; I have surely enjoyed reading it. Perhaps it would be telling you only what you already know, but I have failed to find anything in its field quite its equal. Its only near rival is published up in Canada.

"Need I say that I shall always be glad when a bit of mine is retained for use in *The Improvement Era.*

"Very truly,

"Rena C. Travais."

"A bit of mint from my own garden."

CHURCH LESSON

I WANT to learn this lesson
Before it breaks my heart—
There is always someone
Who can play my part.

I want to step down quietly
With modest grace,
Someone will be ready
To take my place;

I will never cherish
That comfortable fear
That my work will suffer
If I'm not here;

Many are more capable
Wiser far than I,
I want to learn this lesson
Before I die.

UTAH POETS, 'TENTION! ! !

THE Federation of Women's Clubs of Utah are conducting a poetry contest and are offering $25 for first prize, and $10 for second. Here are the details: Poem may be of any length on any subject; must be written by a person living in Utah; must reach the Reverend Jacob Trapp, 1317 E. 6th South Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before January 30; name must accompany poem, but on separate slip; poems will be judged by a preliminary committee of four; the finals will be judged by a committee of four from the University of Utah Faculty. All Utah poets should enter.

Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Editors:

UNDER the article called "The Third Witness" on page 458 of *The Improvement Era,* I noticed two different dates giving the death date of Martin Harris. The article written by John D. Giles gives the date of death as July 10, 1875 and the age as 91, whereas the article written by Bertha S. Stevenson states he was 93 years of age when he died.

I thought this article should be corrected.

Very truly yours,

H. J. Carlsen

Martin Harris was born May 18, 1783, and died July 10, 1875. He was, therefore, 92.

HOWARD, JR.

"Arimo, Idaho.

"Dear Mrs. Brandley:

MY little boy, age 20 months, enjoys *The Improvement Eras,* but the October issue gives him the greatest joy. He takes it and turns to page 596; looking, laughing, and chattering to Edith Cherrington's baby pictures.

"No words can convey the joyful expression that comes in the little face of Howard, Jr., nor can the music be heard as he points his tiny index-finger and repeats 'petty baby, petty baby.' (It's more like 'pitty baby, pitty baby'). However, I thought I'd drop this note to let you know how much a wee tot thinks of your wonderful magazine.

"Sincerely yours,

"(Mrs.) Ruth C. Armstrong."

Merry Xmas

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